"Doug" Fairbanks talks about the Big Fight

MOVIE WEEKLY

June 25, 1921

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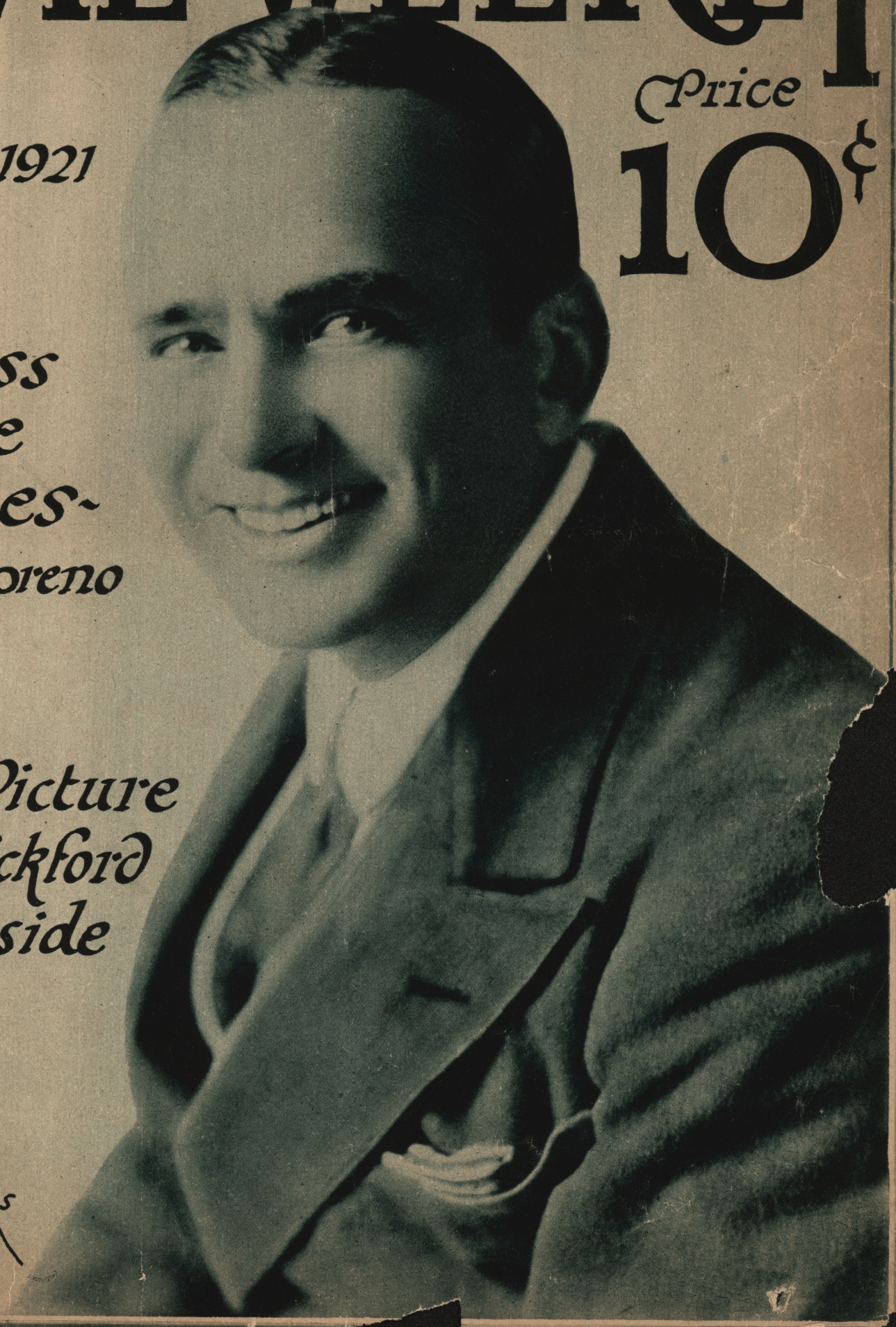
Large Picture Mary Pickford inside



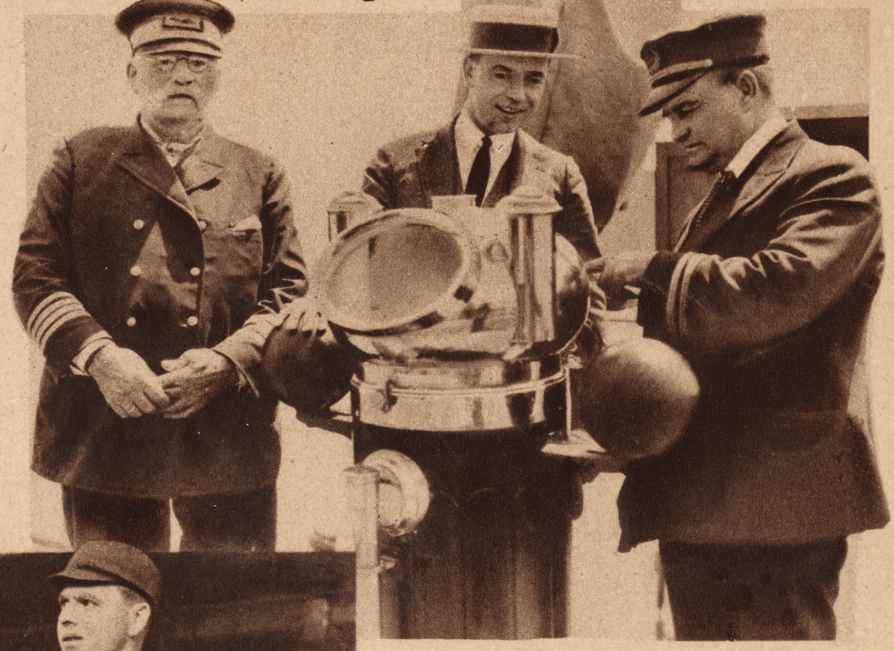
"Doug" Fairbanks

Summer Dreams à la

Douglas Maclean has a variety of thought for outings

Posed Exclusively for Movie Weekly

Doug considers golf.



Doug likes direction - anyway he smiles at the compass

"What'd yuh mean annoyin' the engine," retorts the m.p. star to an irate conductor.

d baseball! "This e way to do it," ucts Doug to a enthusiast.

And a little jazz isn't out of place.

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The man leaped out with a quick, heavy blow and the guard went down, a senseless, sprawling figure on the snow.

IT was a very gay and successful house party. The hostess, Mrs. Hamilton Rogers, looked up and down the dinner table complacently. Not one of the men was worth less than a million. Not one of the women but had an assured position in society. The two younger girls were the season's most popular debutantes. And, added to all this, Mrs. Rogers had captured a lion for the occasion. No house party is a complete success without a lion, and this one—Mr. Somerset Carroll, explorer, adventurer, scientist, author *and* millionaire—was roaring brilliantly, to the unbounded delight of his listeners and the intense joy of his hostess.

"See!" Mrs. Rogers said in an undertone to Freddy Tripp, "he converses delightfully and he isn't a bit stingy with his stories! He isn't silent, nor reserved, nor difficult at all."

It was Mrs. Hamilton Rogers' way of saying: "I told you so!" Freddy Tripp, her well-fed, well-paid social secretary, pulled at his diminutive moustache and made his beautiful patroness a little bow before he answered her.

"You were right, as always, beautiful lady. And I was wrong, as usual! But you will admit that his charming manners contrast oddly enough with the curt little note of acceptance he sent you."

"Yes. But note writing is a fine art. Evidently Mr. Somerset Carroll has never acquired it. I *do* wonder where Helen is. To be late to-night of all times! Something serious *must* have happened!"

With the change of subject the hostess raised her voice to include the guests at her end of the table. One of the men looked up from his salad. "Maybe she has met up with The Butterfly!" he suggested, laughingly.

"The Butterfly? What's that? Doesn't sound dangerous!" It was he distinguished guest speaking now, and the whole table gave attention as Freddy Tripp answered:

"He's a master criminal of a new type. Flits about, now here, now there, helping himself to the thing he fancies. A rare bit of tapestry, a priceless painting, a bit of jade, a jewel that is valued for beauty or uniqueness, rather than for intrinsic value. He works deftly, awakes no slumberers, disturbs no dreams. Bolts and bars are nothing to him. In place of the object he takes, he leaves a butterfly, sometimes sketched on the wall, sometimes a clever little model of yellow sealing wax."

"But where are the police all this time?" Again it was the distinguished guest who asked the question.

"Where they always are. Forming elaborate theories and following them to failure. But the fellow is diabolically clever! And a man with such keenness and daring inevitably possesses the qualities that would carry him to the utmost limits if necessary. I wouldn't want to be the one to interrupt him at his little game," answered one of he older men.

"Oh, a thief is a coward, always!" put in Freddy Tripp, with cocksure decision. For just a second the eyes of the distinguished guest measured him and there was the faintest trace of amusement in their gray depths. "I have seen men who would both steal and fight," he said then. "Still," with a reassuring smile at his hostess, "it is hardly probable that he is in the neighborhood, or that he would molest your daughter if he were. Though if what I hear of the young lady is true a collector of beautiful things might well covet her."

Mrs. Hamilton Rogers beamed. Really, her lion was behaving wonderfully! So many of these distinguished men were tiresome, conceited creatures. She gave him a gracious smile, but before she could speak a sound came that silenced them all—the sound of a siren whistle, a long, mournful wail, rising and falling, swelling and dying and rising again until it seemed to come beating into every corner of the great house.

"The siren! A convict has escaped!" cried one of the women.

"I didn't know there was a prison up here," said Somerset Carroll.

"A women's penitentiary," explained Freddy. "They're always trying to escape and they always get caught and carried back. I say, let's all get into the chase. A bit of action, eh?"

"But there's six inches of snow, and it's still coming down," reminded Mrs. Rogers.

"I know, but we can take all the cars. Who wants to go?"

Everyone did, it seemed. They were up from the table, running about excitedly, talking of wraps and lanterns, flash lights and guns, as if they were to hunt a band of armed desperadoes. Somerset Carroll alone remained unmoved by the excitement. "I'll stay and mind the house," he told his hostess, with one of his flashing smiles. "It would be just my luck to find the poor creature, and I'd be sure to let her go again. That's the kind of idiot I am!"

"Well, I *will* feel better to know someone is here. And Helen may come, any moment. You can scold her for me, if she does."

They were off in ten minutes. Carroll watched them from one of the French windows of the library until they were out of sight. There was a curious, almost scornful smile on his lips, as if he had small sympathy with their quest. ""Like a pack of wolves

THE LAST DOOR

A SELZNICK PICTURE

By Ralph W. Ince and W. Bert Foster

CAST

Mrs. Hamilton Rogers.....*Helen Pillsbury*
Helen Rogers.....*Martha Mansfield*
THE BUTTERFLY.....*Eugene O'Brien*
Freddy Tripp.....*Charles Craig*

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after a rabbit," he muttered, and turned, surveying the room where he stood with a keen scrutiny before he selected a book from one of the shelves and dropped into a chair beside the blazing fire.

HE sat for a few moments, alternately reading and gazing into the fire. Perhaps he dozed a little, for he started up with a startled air when someone tapped lightly on the window pane.

"What's that?" he cried, springing up. Then he stopped, with an amazed exclamation. A girl was looking in at him, a girl in the rough gray garb of a convict. Her face was pressed close to the glass and her eyes were like those of a hunted animal. Seeing him, her hands went out in a silent, desperate gesture of appeal.

He gave a quick glance toward the next room. It was empty. Swiftly he threw the window open and drew the girl inside. Her hands clung to his arm and her dark eyes pleaded with him, but she did not speak. There was snow melting on her glossy hair and on her rough dress.

"You were mad to come here!" he said roughly. "What do you expect?"

"I had to go somewhere!" she said, and her voice was like a frightened child's. "You'll help me won't you? You won't send me back to that awful place"

There was a sound outside, a honk, a grinding stop, the blaze of headlights. Desperately the girl's hand tightened on his arm. Her eyes never left his face.

"The guards!" she whispered. "You will help me!"

And suddenly the man flung open the door of a closet beside the fireplace. "Get in there!" he snapped.

A moment later three burly guards ushered in by a perturbed butler, found him quietly reading beside the fire. When they had left, puzzled and discomforted, but convinced that she had not come in the house, he continued to read for ten minutes. Then he went quietly out to the hall and stood listening. From somewhere below floated up the voices of the servants. He slipped into a heavy coat and pulled a rough cap over his head. Opening a closet door he found a girl's heavy ulster, a scarf and a tam. He nodded with satisfaction as he carried these things to the library.

"Now," flinging open the door and speaking in crisp, steadying tones, "put these on! Quickly! Now! Out the window! Wait—can you skate?"

At her nod he ran back to the hall and returned with two pairs of skates. "Noticed them there before dinner," he said. "The river must be frozen solid and this wind sweeps it clean. If we go down on the ice it will throw them off the trail altogether. They'll never think of that!"

"You're really going with me?" she breathed, unbelievingly, as they stepped out on the snowy lawn.

"Being a fool, I am!" he snapped. As suddenly as he had bitten off the words he stopped and darted, with the girl, behind the trunk of a huge tree. A few rods away a prison guard was coming toward them, head down, breathing deeply, almost exhausted with his struggle up the steep slope from the river bank. They waited tensely until he came quite close, then the man leaped out with a quick, heavy blow and the guard went down, a senseless, sprawling figure on the snow.

"There! He won't get up right away. Now we'll make the river."

Clear and smooth as crystal the river stretched out before them, a silvery path to freedom. "It's lucky there's no moon," he said, stooping to fasten her skates. "If it were summer, they'd be search-lighting the river, but they won't think of your trying to make it with skates. And with the darkness, and all this snow flying in the air we're practically invisible. Now, give me your hand."

It took him but a few minutes to discover that the girl skated with amazing skill and grace. There was something in the way she carried herself, in the touch of her hand, in her voice as she spoke, a few words now and then, that made him wonder. Here was no ordinary woman of the underworld—the girl was a thoroughbred. He began to wish he had looked at her more closely when they were in the light.

"What were you planning to do?" he asked her. "Have you any friends who will take you in?"

"I hadn't planned. The chance came and I just took it! I'm making you a lot of trouble!"

"That doesn't matter. I'll see you through—look out!"

Just ahead of them yawned a hole where the dark water came bubbling up around some sunken rock. He stopped and clutched at his companion, but the girl, seeing the danger an instant later than he, could not bring herself to so sudden a stop. The ice, thinning toward the opening, parted, and with a little cry she went down.

As suddenly as he had bitten off the words he stopped and darted, with the girl, behind the trunk of a huge tree.

In spite of the tugging current he did not loose her hand, but gave a quick stroke or two backward and flung himself flat on the ice. It held him, though it cracked and crumbled at the edges, and somehow, battling for long, desperate minutes which lived in his memory for years afterward like a nightmare, he drew her up beside him. She was conscious and struggling pluckily to help herself until she stood beside him on the ice. Then she collapsed, a dead weight in his arms.

"She'll die of exposure now!" he muttered. "I've got to get her *some*where!"

He took a few strokes around a curve ahead and saw a light on the river bank. It must be a house, and he would have to appeal to them. The girl's long cloak covered the prison dress. If he could get her into a room, and get some dry things for her . . . he struggled on with his burden, up the river bank, toward the light, planning as he went.

The woman who opened the door gave an amazed exclamation. "For the land sakes! Where'd you come from, this time o' night? Pa, come here!"

Her call brought an old man to peer over her shoulder with round, startled eyes.

"My wife and I were skating down the river. She went through a hole. I managed to drag her out, but she is unconscious. Could you let us have a room, and some dry clothes for her, and a hot drink?"

"Why, of course. Bring her right in. Help him, pa. Right in our room there, so's not to have to carry her upstairs. Bess, run and get some of your underclothes and your blue flannel dress. I'll bring some hot tea."

Before the hot drink arrived he had taken off the water-soaked coat and cap and thrown a heavy blanket over her. "My, how pretty she is!" exclaimed the farmer's wife. "And young! Here, get this down her first thing. Pa put just a nip of brandy in it. We had some put away."

Faintly, the color crept into the lovely cheeks, the dark eyes opened slowly and looked around the strange room with a dazed expression. "What happened?" she began, weakly.

"I'll go out," said the woman hastily. "Make her worse, seeing strange faces around. There's the dry clothes for her, and you can stay right here all night."

As the door closed on their kindly hostess he turned to the girl, speaking swiftly, keeping his eyes on hers in an effort to dispel her rising apprehension.

"Don't be afraid. I had to tell them you were my wife. You see they mustn't see the prison clothes. Are you able to change into dry things if I stand over there by the window?"

Her eyes searched his for an instant before she nodded. He took his stand by the window, a back one, rather high from the ground, with a sloping door over a cellar entrance just underneath. He heard her moving as he stood looking out for a few minutes, then suddenly his whole body stiffened and he lifted his head listening. At the same instant the girl gave a startled exclamation.

"The guards!" she said. "They're here! In the next room!"

There had come a thundering rap at the door and now they heard voices, talking excitedly, the high tones of the farmer's wife rising above them all.

"There's nobody here but a man and his wife. She had fell in the river, and she's a lady if ever I see one!"

"What can we do?" asked the girl, running to him. In the blue dress that had been given her, with half-dried hair curling around her face, she looked like an excited child. Her whole attitude was one of utter trust in his ability to carry her through this emergency.

Swiftly he slipped the bolt across the door. Noiselessly he opened the window. From the closet he seized an old coat, which he wrapped about the girl. He lifted her then, dropped her through the window to the sloping door, down which she slipped easily to the ground. In a second he was down beside her, running ahead, looking around the corner of the house.

"Fools!" he chuckled, "left their car alone. *Now!*"

A quick run across a few feet of snowy yard and they were in the car. He even stopped to tuck a fur robe about her before he started the car. And while three burly guards forced the bedroom door, while the farmer and his wife and his daughter stood by, shocked and apprehensive, the big car moved silently and swiftly off, down the best automobile road in the state, toward the city.

To the man's surprise he heard the girl beside him chuckling softly. "It's a wild adventure," she said. "Melo-drammer at its height! A wild night with the snow falling swiftly! A bold, daring hero sweeping away all obstacles to rescue the persecuted maiden! Skates and automobiles and nips of brandy springing to hand at opportune moments. And now, an open road to—what?"

For answer he bent forward, fished in a pocket of

(*Continued on page* 29)

A Favor to a Friend—How it ruined Jim Kirkwood's Career and made him a Star:

by Riley Gordon

YOU'LL never rue a favor to a friend, so someone has said.

Maybe not. Anyhow it was a favor to a friend that ruined James Kirkwood's career.

You didn't know it was ruined?

Well, Jim says it was, and he lays the blame at the studio steps of his friend, Allan Dwan.

Allan Dwan was the monster who lured the confiding Jim from a happy home in the East to the wilds of the cinemese in Hollywood.

James Kirkwood, if you did but know it, is the rightful owner of that much boasted title, "Mary Pickford's Director."

Oh, it has been used by everyone who ever was a property man at Mary's studio. But Jim holds the real—the reel record. He directed little Mary in nine pictures when she was winding her way upward toward the pinnacle she now holds.

Do you remember "Eagle's Mate?" Jim directed it and played the leading role.

Do you remember "Behind the Scenes," "The Dawn of To-morrow," "Cinderella," "Mistress Nell," "Esmeralda," "Rags," "Fanchon, the Cricket," "Little Pal"—Jim directed them all.

He also directed Billie Burke, John Barrymore, Dorothy Gish, Lionel Barrymore, and just about all the Who's Who of starland.

He'd just finished directing a picture with Jack Pickford for First National, when he received a telegram from Allan Dwan. Mr. Dwan was producing in the West. Mr. Kirkwood was directing in the East.

Mr. Dwan was determined that the West and East should meet, and that the West should prove conqueror. No doubt he saw in Jim a formidable rival in the directorial field. Of that we cannot say. Anyway, he sent this subtle telegram:

"I have the rights to 'The Luck of the Irish,' which I'll produce if you will play the leading role."

Now what could a good Irishman do when a friend put it that way. Consent, of course. And Jim did. He went West to play in that one Dwan production. But the canny producer didn't let him away so easily. He inveigled him to stay and appear in "In the Heart of a Fool," "The Scoffer," and "The Forbidden Thing." In a word, he was reformed from directing and saved for acting.

Did the reformation pay?

Well, Kirkwood was a topnotch director. No one will dispute that. But a topnotch director does not receive the salary nor the fame of a topper among actors.

From "The Luck of the Irish," Kirkwood's salary soared straight to the stars, leaping up a hundred or two per week for each production in which he appeared. So coveted were his services that for a time he was "doubling"—doing two pictures at once. His salary reached $2,500 a week about the time he was doing "Man, Woman and Marriage" and "Bob Hampton of Placer." Several star contracts were offered him, but Jim was not easily won. He preferred to let them bid. Furthermore, he wants to be assured that if he stars he will have the best stories, direction and casts that are available. He wants the quality of his productions to equal any all-star production on the market.

George Melford, who directed him in Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Money Master," re-titled "A Wise Fool," for Lasky, proclaims of Kirkwood:

"His performance in 'A Wise Fool' is the greatest I have ever recorded with the camera."

Jesse L. Lasky promptly re-engaged Mr. Kirkwood for another picture. The name of James Kirkwood will be featured in "The Great Impersonation," now being made from the celebrated mystery novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

He would like very much to do some big Jewish characters. They interest him. All types of characters are his study. He does not care for so-called "straight" roles when he can just be the genial Jim Kirkwood. He likes to get behind whiskers as he does in "A Wise Fool."

That "The Great Impersonation" will be truly great we may be assured, for Director Melford declares Kirkwood is surpassing even his characterization in "A Wise Fool"—the greatest ever recorded by the Melford cameras.

Does it pay to do a favor for a friend?

Well, Jim'll say so!

Left— Jim hits the water bag after a hard right with soft cider in a drunken scene in "The Great Impersonator."

Jim Kirkwood, at rest

Left Jim in a good looking riding outfit.

Below— With Director George Melford —an exciting moment, but — its only home brew!

"Doug," the king of the screen and "Jack," the king of the ring, boxing

THE LUCKIEST MAN WILL WIN

Says Doug Fairbanks of the Dempsey-Carpentier Fight

BEING an American, quite naturally I want to see an American win the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. On the other hand, there is so much to be taken into consideration regarding this match that it hardly seems safe to make any prediction whatever. Personally, I believe the luckiest man will win.

If Carpentier is lucky enough to land one of those vicious punches he has demonstrated he can turn loose, then unquestionably he will take the championship to France with him.

It must be remembered that Carpentier is a man of unusual intelligence. I don't believe he would ever have chanced going into the ring with Dempsey if he didn't feel absolutely confident he could win. Everyone knows that the Frenchman is a very clever boxer, and there isn't any angle of the fight game that he doesn't know. It remains to be seen how Dempsey will stand up under punishment. If the challenger proves to be so fast that the champion can't tell where his blows are coming from, it is very possible that Carpentier, with his punishing ability, may win the fight in the first twenty seconds. I don't mean by this that he will necessarily score a knockout within that time, but he may so bewilder Dempsey with his speed and daze him with his hitting power as to insure himself of victory well within the twelve rounds.

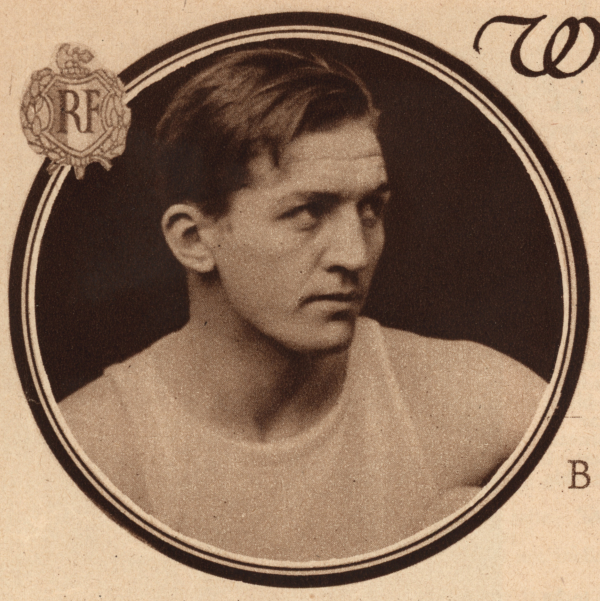
Then, of course, there is the other side to consider. If Dempsey is lucky enough to be close to Carpentier when he lets loose one of those man-killing wallops, in all likelihood we can feel sure of an American victory. But let us not forget that he will be matched against a very clever fellow. So for that reason, as I said before, the contest, to my way of thinking, resolves itself largely into a matter of luck.

Dempsey has never yet been matched against a real master of ring craftsmanship, and for that reason we can't lay too much stress on his past performances. The only thing he has demonstrated beyond the question of a doubt is the ability to hit. If the Frenchman steps in front of one, he will probably take another aeroplane ride.

But it has never yet been absolutely established in the ring that brawn can beat down skill. It is very possible, of course, that in a long fight a heavy man could wear down a light opponent. But this is only a twelve round bout. If Dempsey were as clever a boxer as Carpentier, then the fact that he is eighteen pounds heavier would be a distinct advantage. Now it would be in his favor were it not for the fact that the challenger is probably just as hard a hitter as the champion. If the fight were to go farther, the fact that Dempsey is the younger man might also prove a point in his favor.

While it has never been demonstrated that brawn can defeat skill, one might also say that neither has it ever been shown conclusively that skill can conquer brawn. Although Corbett whipped Sullivan, no ring precedent was established, for men just as clever as "Gentleman Jim" have been defeated by opponents that had nothing but brawn to go on.

After carefully studying the qualifications of both men, I must confess that I am at a loss as to which will be the winner. Frankly speaking, I don't feel justified in committing myself. The more I study the proposition, the more convinced I am that the fighters are so evenly matched that the luckiest man will win. It most certainly is no one-man battle.



Who Will Win? Dempsey—Carpentier All Hollywood is talking

By Frankie Lynne

THE stars are rushing through their pictures in Hollywood!

Their minds are not on their work.

Daily the conversation between scenes runs something like this:

"And who do you think will win?"

"When do you finish your picture and when do you leave for New York?"

Cause: The Dempsey-Carpentier fight on July 2nd.

Nearly all of the male stars, leading men, heavies and one or two extras who have worked steadily throughout the year are planning to board the Sunset Limited and journey three thousand miles to see the fight.

Americans, Frenchmen, Englishmen; they'll all be there.

Roscoe Arbuckle is rushing his new production to take a party to the Eastern city for the big show.

"Why, Dempsey's a cinch, there's nothing to it," said the screen's funniest fat man in his dressing room the other afternoon.

Gaston Glass, a native of France, passed the dressing room just in time to hear the speech.

"Nothing to it is right. Dempsey hasn't a chance. Watch Carpentier walk away with the honors and the world's championship."

Gaston, who is playing opposite Mary Miles Minter in a new picture, has argued the thing out with Miss Minter, too.

The triple "M" lady says that there is no doubt in her mind.

"The title will remain with our own Jack Dempsey."

But Betty Blythe, who left the West Coast for New York a few weeks ago, does not agree with her. The reason for Betty's flying trip to the metropolis is not only the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, but it is her ambition to personally meet the Frenchman.

"I do not think it is unpatriotic," she said shortly before boarding the train, "to want Carpentier to win, because France is our ally. However, he's awfully good looking and I'm looking forward to meeting him personally and I hope I can congratulate him, too. I'm sure it will be a mind over matter battle."

It is possible that Doug Fairbanks will join the band of players who are crossing the continent for the fight. If work on "The Three Musketeers" progresses rapidly he can make it, but if not, he will have to wait for the returns in his Beverly Hills home.

Antonio Moreno is another whose work will prevent him from making the trip.

"I am sure," said Tony, "that it would be wonderful to see the American win, but naturally I favor the man from the Latin country.

Anita Stewart stopped work on "The Price of Happiness" long enough to say, "I don't really favor either one. I hope they don't get hurt trying to decide who is the world's champion."

Edward Hearn, Anita Stewart's leading man in a new production, is strong for Dempsey.

"We worked together," said Eddie, between scenes, "in a fifteen episode serial, and he's a regular fellow and in excellent condition. I'm confident that he'll keep the honors here in the United States. Of course, I've never met Carpentier, but I'm for Dempsey."

In the Hollywood moving picture colony the players seem to be equally divided in their opinions. All the feminine players favor the good looking Georges—most of the men look to Jack to bring home the bacon.

Perhaps Bert Lytell voices his opinion in fewer words than the others, but every word weighs a ton.

"I'd like to see Dempsey win, because I want to see the title stay in America. There is no doubt but what Carpentier is wonderful, but Dempsey is my man."

Colleen Moore, who has just returned from New York to the West Coast colony to do "Slippy McGee" with Wheeler Oakman, is sorry that she could not remain in the East to witness the match.

"I don't know whether I favor the American or the Frenchman, really, but I guess America had better hang onto the title, so let's hope Dempsey wins. I'm so interested in the German film invasion that even to let a Frenchman have the championship is all right with me as long as he is an ally.

The big little comedian Charles Chaplin, is warm in his enthusiasm for Dempsey. During Dempsey's picture making in California, the two were together a great deal and became very good friends.

If possible, Chaplin will make a flying trip to see the fight. If "Vanity Fair" is not finished in time, he will not be able to make the grade.

Last of all comes the choice of one who is neither an American, an Englishman, or a Latin—"Snowy" Baker, filmdom's only Australian star.

"America has been good to me. The people in my native country are more like Americans than any country under the sun, so, of course, I have no choice in the matter of the Jack Dempsey-Georges Carpentier fight. I want America to keep the title, and I want her to always keep it—in every way—in everything—down through the ages!"

That darling little Selznick star, Winifred Westover, made a trip to Atlantic City last week accompanied by the Selznick photographer, and spent a day with Dempsey. A lot of photographs were taken, which will appear in next week's "Movie Weekly." Miss Westover ate with him, boxed with him and played cards with him. You must not miss these pictures as they are tremendously interesting, coming on the eve of the great battle.

Doug Fairbanks nursing a sore hand after a bout with Dempsey

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Dick Barthelmess, now heading his own company, caught in an idle moment before the gate of his summer home

Fitzmaurice at Work

DIRECTOR GEORGE FITZMAURICE in action is most interesting. I saw him shooting a scene for his new special, "Peter Ibbetson," in which Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson are co-starring, at Famous Players' Long Island Studio. He wore a light gray norfolk suit, and despite the heated appearance of his face, looked as though he were just ready to go to a tea, or something of the sort. I was startled to learn the other day that many folks have an idea directors are usually frightfully unkempt, tie awry, collar off, trousers begrimmed, hair tousled, mouth twisted with one stentorian order after another, eyes feverishly ablaze, disposition as harmless as a bomb within a second of exploding! There may be one or two such species still extant, but I have my doubts. Anyway, I never had the privilege of meeting such a curiosity.

Fitzmaurice and Cameraman Arthur Miller were conferring about lights. The set represented Newgate Goal, a rather gruesome affair. Much depended upon the lighting. But if you are familiar with the Fitzmaurice specials, all of which Cameraman Miller photographed, you know what stunning effects are secured through beautiful lightings.

Wallie Reid made his appearance, attired in checked trousers and long purple coat—the costume he effects in "Peter Ibbetson," or something closely akin. Furthermore, Wallie had his hair marceled to meet the exigencies of the role.

On the side of the set were several dwarfs. One of them played with Ethel and John Barrymore in their recent stage play, "Clare de Lune." They are grotesque creatures; their roles, characteristic. Wallie, as Peter Ibbetson, is supposed to have a dream. In it, he wanders before Newgate Goal. He comes to a startled halt, his head a scant few inches away from a noose that hangs from an iron rail supporting a street light. As he stares fearfully at the noose, these two dwarfs dash around the corner and push him against the prison gate, grimacing, gnashing teeth, evilly relishing his fright and discomfort. Then the beautiful Duchess (portrayed by Elsie Ferguson) enters and shoos them away.

* * * * *

Likes Story

Director Fitzmaurice likes his new story tremendously. He wanted Jackie Coogan to play the role of Peter as a little boy. But Jackie wasn't keen to play second fiddle, so another youngster, not so well-known, has the part. Elliott Dexter, who has an important role, wasn't at the studio; neither was Montagu Love, who plays the part Lionel Barrymore originally interpreted on the stage, and was rumored to do for the screen.

* * * * *

Not a Chance to See Much

When Fitzmaurice once started to shoot this scene, there wasn't a ghost of a show for one not associated with his unit to view the action. Screens were drawn around the set, shutting out everybody. Which was not so good. But, after all, we had seen enough without having to buck Fitzmaurice's stringent ruling—all off when the scene is set!

Next Door

NEXT door to "Peter Ibbetson" lived "Dawn of the East," Alice Brady's latest picture. This set was a crackerjack. Alice looked mighty attractive in a blue serge skirt, a light tan Russian blouse belted in at the waist with a black patent leather belt. Knowing that milady star of screen and stage is especially interested in delineating character parts teeming with heart interest, I asked if she had the opportunity to do so in this picture.

"No," disclaimed Alice. "It's a straight part."

* * * * *

An Oriental "O. Henry"

The set of Alice's new picture was supposed to be a slice of a large Chinese city. It was extremely picturesque. A Mr. Siegel, character man extraordinaire, had a makeup on that was a whiz. One eye was closed; it swelled most gruesomely. His finger-nails were way out, about an inch. "A sign I don't work," enlightened Mr. Siegel. "All Chinese beggars have long finger-nails." As he took his place on the set, crouching in the corner of a shabby Chinese shop, he looked all the world like a Methuselah, whose clothes had long since given up the ghost of respectability.

But the man who fascinated me most was Henry, the interpreter. To liven the Chinese scene up with plenty of natives, thirty or more had been engaged as extras. Few, if any, spoke or understood English. Only Henry. And what a popular man he was! He was distinguished from the rest of the motley Oriental mob by white trousers and long white coat, material related to linen. The outfit was much the worse for wear; otherwise all right.

Nobody called Henry by his name. Instead it was: "O, Henry." "Is he a worthy successor of our O. Henry?" I asked Mr. Dunn, assistant to Director E. H. Griffith. "Is he! Don't know what we'd do without him. Sometimes I catch myself getting ready to call him Porter." "That he wouldn't savvy," I asserted. But there was no argument forthcoming; Mr. Dunn agreed.

* * * * *

Oriental Temperament

Director Griffith—by the way, this is the handsome young director who put Marguerite Clark across in her new production, "Scrambled Wives"—told me of a humorous incident that had happened that very morning.

Agnes Ayres draws a wicked bow

Owen Moore recuperating after a rather long illness

About ten additional Chinese were engaged for "Dawn of the East." They were told that they were going to have a "joy ride" to Coney Island. When they turned up at the studio they promptly inquired when they were going to Coney Island. The answer was: "The trip has been postponed." Do you think those Orientals gracefully adjusted themselves to the new turn of affairs? They did not. They walked out.

* * * * *

Mary, the Goose

MARY is the name of a goose. Mary was engaged to play in "Peter Ibbetson." But Mary had the nomadic urge. She wandered off the Ibbetson set when her work had been satisfactorily completed—and Mary is a marvel of an actress; just as imperturbable as a Mexican sunning himself and smoking a pungent cigarette. She strutted onto the "Dawn of the East" set. Mary has absolutely no racial prejudices. She likes everybody and everything. She expresses herself by grunting. She talks hog, not goose, language, and talks it fluently.

Well, she strutted onto the adjacent set. There she discovered a mirror, a very nice mirror, a clean mirror. Mary caught a glimpse of herself. Like Narcisus, Mary had only to see to love. She became enamoured of herself. Whereupon she grunted her hog language chatter and commenced to preen her slightly disreputable self. She preened without interruption for lunch or nap, from eleven-fifteen to four-thirty. Nothing, no one, could induce her to move from her place before the mirror. Her toilet completed by four-thirty, she grunted some more and marched herself back to Director Fitzmaurice. She was greeted with open arms. The prodigal returned.

Mary runs from no one. In the event that she has her suspicions of a newcomer, she merely shows it by walking faster when in the direct path of said newcomer. Do you think she would lower herself to express fear by the plebian method of running? She would not.

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Alice Calhoun Finishes Another

ALICE CALHOUN has finished another picture. This one has a cheery kind of a title: "Peggy Puts It Over." Nice, isn't it? Having finished this picture, Alice is ready to start work on another without any delay whatsoever. This seventeen-year-old star is beginning to rank with our most indefatigable astronomical bodies. Vacations are unknown quantities to her.

Edward Langford, better known as Buddie, plays opposite the star. His nickname is a relic of the World War, in which Langford saw active service, very active, in fact. Returning after peace had been declared, Eddie took up his activities where they had been left off. He has played opposite Alice Brady, Pauline Stark, and numerous others in a slew of pictures.

Alice has another interesting personage in her company, Charles Mackay, son of the eminent Shakespearian actor, F. F. Mackay, who played with Edwin Booth and many other stage celebrities.

With a good picture, a good cast, a director who answers to the name of Seiffertitz—methinks Alice will score another bull's eye in "Peggy Puts It Over."

Our Mary in a Double Part

Little Lord Fauntleroy in the Movies Will appear as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Dearest" (his mother)

A SMALL boy sat among the crackers and prunes and oranges at Mr. Hobbs' grocery store and dangled his turdy, red-stockinged legs from a high stool.

The conversation was about Earls.

The other party to the conversation was stout and red-faced and argumentative, with very decided views about the general viciousness of nobility—none other than Mr. Hobbs himself, owner of all the crackers, prunes and oranges.

It is thus that the future Lord Fauntleroy makes his first appearance in the book, and it is thus that millions of little boys and girls throughout the country—millions of grown-up girls and boys, too, for that matter—will remember him.

"—— But, maybe, Mr. Hobbs," suggests the little fellow, charitably, "they wouldn't be earls if they knew any better."

But Mr. Hobbs, a fiery patriot and a democrat, is not inclined to be so lenient.

"They like it," he denounces heatedly, "they glory in it. The whole bunch of them are brow-beating tyrants. I should just like," he adds vindictively, "to see one of those earls come in here and try to sit on my cracker-box!"

Cedric Errol, the owner of the sturdy red legs, a handsome little fellow with big brown eyes and a mop of golden curls, considers these views seriously. No thought is further removed from his curly thatch than that he himself might some day belong to the iniquitous nobility.

But the next day brings strange tidings, and news that sets about a complete upheaval in his peaceful life. It is a flushed and dubious little boy who sits on the cracker box at Mr. Hobbs', and with his chin resting on his palms, propounds a solemn question:

"What would you say, Mr. Hobbs, if you knew an earl was sitting on your cracker box this minute?"

Thus begins one of the most charming romances in the world, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," from the pen of Francis Hodgson Burnett. This same little lord, winning smile, golden curls and all, is about to come to life on the screen, and it behooves every lover of pictures to see him. His creation is entrusted to one of our most beloved little actresses, who has already given us many a character dear and familiar to childhood. Mary Pickford, who has imparted to us the optimism of the sweet-spirited Pollyanna; who has flitted around Sunnybrook Farm in Rebecca's checked gingham apron; who has appeared as the ragged little waif in "Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley," as the quaint orphan in "Daddy Long-Legs"—we cannot enumerate all of the characters she has brought to life—is going to don the black velvet suit of the little English lord, and everyone who likes good pictures is glad.

The story is probably familiar to everybody, but we're going to sketch a brief outline to freshen it in your memories. The little boy we introduced in the grocery store is Cedric Erool, who lives with his mother, whom he calls "Dearest," in New York. His father, the handsome Captain Errol, was the youngest son of the proud old Earl of Dorincourt. When Captain Errol married an obscure little governess in America, the fierce old man was so enraged that he swore he never wanted to see or hear from his son again. Since the death of the captain, Dearest and Cedric have been living in a cheap little house in a poor quarter of New York.

Here the lawyer finds them, when at the death of the second of the two worthless older sons of the house, the future earlship devolves upon Captain Errol's son.

In the dark, somber room at his castle, the old earl waits with grim misgivings for the boy who is to carry on the proud traditions of his family. Suppose the boy turns out to be a loud, blustering little rowdy. The earl has visualized the mother as a mercenary, vulgar woman, and has stubbornly refused to hear otherwise of her. Refusing in his preparations to have her at the castle, he has made provisions for her to live in a cottage near the castle.

Little Lord Fauntleroy opens the door and comes walking in. With a trustful smile he walks over to the old earl and holds out a cordial hand. The earl has a pleasant shock when he is confronted by a well-bred, gallant little gentleman, manly, handsome, fearless, and sympathetic of everyone—from the old gentleman's gout to the bones of the apple woman back in New York, which ache when it rains.

"Dearest" (Mary Pickford) and the old Earl.

It does not occur to the little boy to be afraid of the fierce old earl. The testy old gentleman is grimly pleased to be treated in such a fearless, friendly style, and is secretly amused at Cedric's quaint conversation.

"You aren't wearing your coronet to-day? Perhaps you don't like to wear it all the time."

"No," is the dry answer, "it isn't very becoming."

Thus begins their friendship, a friendship that brings new hopes and self-revelations to the old nobleman. In the innocence of his own trustful, kind little heart, the little lord attributes to the old earl qualities which amaze and shame that bad-tempered old man. More and more, the earl lives up to Cedric's conception of him.

Everyone at the castle loves the little earl, and mar-

(continued on page 28)

Mary Pickford as "Dearest," the mother.

Mary Pickford as "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

Photographic Analysis of Prize Contestants

Clara Dale
Boston, Mass.

Thais Lazarre
Indianapolis, Ind.

Mimi Mack
Los Angeles, Cal.

Corrinne Raymer

Vivian Van Cleve Walbridge
Oklahoma, Cal.

Marian Kraatz
Bridgeport, Conn.

Kathleen Patricia Nicholson
Regularity of features make for pleasing screen effects, but length of face will limit subject to special parts and to "types." A very pleasing personality, earnest worker, affectionate rather than emotional disposition; ought to find her best expression on stage or in musical comedy.

Clara Dale
Excellent screen type as regularity of features is well balanced by whole contour of face. Has good mentality and creative genius. Would respond well to direction and add individuality to interpretation, but as the general effect is more intellectual than beautiful, she would doubtless be restriced to second business.

Thais Lazarre
Piquant, youthful, vivacious and with an ideal screen face containing a certain elusive beauty with strong mentality. Ought to succeed well in comedy or comedy-drama, as she can handle both humor and pathos. Is a type that can be adapted to almost any characterization. She has personality.

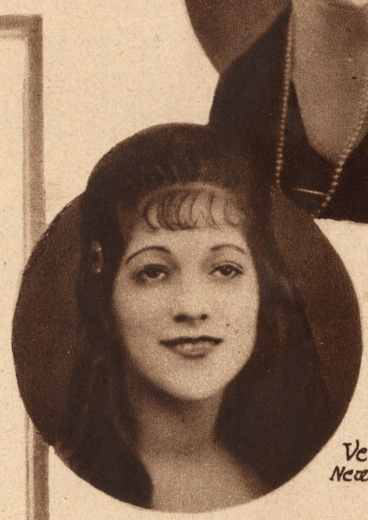
Corrinne Raymer
Good screen values in the abstract, but the evident lack of development both physical and emotional would confine subject to background work. Would seem to be better suited to business pursuits or the management of a home, as her latent executive ability indicates she prefers to do the dictating and directing in all her work.

Vivian Van Cleve Walbridge
This photo hardly does justice to subject and the defects presented here might easily be overcome by makeup and careful lighting, but judged as here presented, the screen values are minimized by the too starry eyes, and the lack of magnetism. A different method of dressing her hair would doubtless reveal a wonderful mentality, but her mental action is very intense and close-focussed, and the disposition inclined toward morbidity and lack of self-confidence. Nature very sensitive and affectionate. Whatever she does would be done well. Ought to succeed as school-teacher, accountant, or dress designer.

Jean Keith Lawson
A sweet and girlish personality with dainty figure and good mental values, but the face is given to strong shadows in photography. Has a wonderful personality in life, but would be difficult to transfer it to the screen. Subject would be restricted to "atmosphere" or "bathing girl" groups.

Mimi Mack
Splendid oriental type. Broad features, almond eyes, dark hair combine to suggest Japanese, Chinese, South Sea Island, or other types of the Orient. Has personality that would screen. Would be restricted to types but ought to make a success in them if she responds to the proper direction.

Marian Kraatz
The pleasing and satisfactory values to the upper part of this face are contradicted by the faults in the contour of the lower face and the general negative impression, lack of magnetism or vibrant personality would operate against any great success in the films. Might serve as "atmosphere" or in background effects, but seems to be better suited to domestic pursuits.



Kathleen Patricia Nicholson
Verdun-Quebec
New Montreal Can.

Jean Keith Lawson
Dallas, Texas

Photographic Analysis Of Prize Contestants

1. Lillian Paugh
Los Angeles, Cal.

Below—Margaret Forde
Wash. D.C.

7. Dorothy Williams
Spohane, Wash.

2. Bess Mitchell
Lawton, Okla.

6. Mary Churchill
New York City

3. Below—June Fuller
New York City

5.

8. Miss Agnes Kahl
Detroit, Mich.

One

Good screen values for straight photography. Strong, affectionate nature. Earnest worker, but not creative.

Two

General contours acceptable for screen. Nature immature and capacity for dramatic feeling and expression as yet undeveloped. Subject would be limited wholly to "atmosphere" scenes until more developed.

Three

Subject, while youthful in years and undeveloped in character, has a mental and spiritual maturity beyond her age. Her natural piquancy, youthful freshness, buoyancy and mobility are all strong assets for the screen, and under patient and proper direction she might make a success.

Four

Eager, ambitious and high in mental values. Delightful personality. Better adapted to legitimate stage than to screen.

Five

Ideal screen type for romantic parts in comedy-drama or ingenue roles in straight dramas. Her success on the screen would be limited only to the sincerity of her efforts to achieve. Her heighth, however, is against her, and the promise offered in this fragmentary photograph might easily be offset by this. However, she should feel confident and work hard. Might do better on legitimate stage, where the demands are not so exacting.

Six

Negative screen values. Too intense in her generic emotions to permit of mental resiliancy or to encourage creative effort. Sweet, womanly and domestic. A "homebuilder."

Seven

Good screen values, and if responsive to direction might easily make a success, but the subject of submitting a child of such tender years to the exigencies of moving picture work should be seriously considered.

Eight

Mental values exceed photographic values here. The quick, bright, optimistic mind denotes a strong and beautiful character, but the length of the face and prominence of the nose, together with the heighth of the brow would limit the subject on screen to "atmosphere" or very occasional bits. Immaturity in emotional experience is also against her.

4. Countess Bonzenna
Hollywood, Cal.

A Regular Fellow Off For "People without a sense of humor should be

by Billie Blenton

THERE are two things I never am. I am never bored, and I am never amused. I am very much interested in everything and everybody. And I do pity people who have not a sense of humor."

Mary Miles Minter, herself, tendered this most vivid description of herself as she sat on the lounge in the living room of her Hotel Biltmore suite, thirty hours before she sailed for her European vacation.

The previous day, Mary had been presented to the motion picture press via a luncheon tendered by the Realart company. I was struck at that time by her poise and ability to play the hostess with such consummate ease. Putting everybody at home; making herself one of us. It is not given to every nineteen year old girl to so conduct herself. Not even one who has been the darling of the public since she was a wee youngster.

This was my first glimpse of Mary in the flesh. Then the appointment to see her alone, an appointment snatched from time's very teeth—if time has any. For Mary had a thousand and one things to do beside just seeing people before she sailed. There was almost a complete wardrobe to purchase, and—oh, worlds of things. She wasn't sure how everything was going to be accomplished. But no use crossing the bridge until necessary. She never does. Yet she gets there just the same.

Her sister, Margaret Shelby, was telling me about Mary's distracting way of making trains. At least she said it was distracting. Personally, I thought it corking. Mary has a habit of arriving at the station two minutes before the train pulls out and calmly wanting to know if she is late!

"The last time we were in New York," related her sister, "Mary had a last minute engagement. She said she would return to the hotel in time to go to the station with mother and me. The hour approached train time. No Mary. Mother was worried. I asseverated that Mary would turn up at the station, knowing her way.

"The worst of it, Mary had a life-sized doll that looked like a real baby in its dainty garments. Every time it was bent over, it piped: 'mama.' A young man, a great friend of mine, came to see me off. We rode down in the elevator together. What do you suppose that crazy doll did? It slipped out of my grasp, drooped forward, and piped: 'mama.' Of course, everybody in the elevator looked at us and smiled. The young man turned scarlet. The doll piped up 'mama' again in the lobby, and . . .

"Well, we finally did get to the station, doll and all. At the ninth hour Mary turned up, just as calm and cheery as you please."

Now, I ask you, isn't Mary's idea of getting places the right one? About the doll, I learned that her interest in "Goo-Goo," its name, is altogether a casual one. Someone once accused Mary of never out-growing her doll days. But she has. "Goo-Goo" was an exception. It was being taken home to Hollywood to show off.

And there Mary sat on the lounge, blue eyes very much a-sparkle, soft silken blonde hair framing her head in a kind of light.

"I hate clothes," she almost gritted. "And I have to keep tight hold of my temper when I am advised to wear my hair down my back in curls, and frocks in keeping with this form of hair dressing. Of course, I will not do any such thing. I expect to continue to wear clothes neither too old nor too young for me. I am not a child. I don't intend dressing as one. Furthermore, I don't intend wearing my hair down my back. It's up, and up it's going to stay."

"How come you hate clothes?" I quizzed.

"They take so much time to get. I always seem to purchase them at the last minute, anyway. Look at me now, after a morning of it. Then, too, I think it a needless waste of time to devote so much thought to things physical, and when you love clothes that is exactly what you do. It is really accentuating the ego more than if you take things as they come and don't dash into a modiste's place every free moment you have."

"What do suppose I do usually when I have some time between pictures?" she flashed.

I shook my head helplessly.

"I go to a dentist to see if my teeth are free from cavities. Then, having done what I deem my duty to myself, I play. I love horseback riding. Do you ride?"

I had unhappy visions; therefore I shook my head.

"It's great sport. It gives one a chance to get out into the open, to see nature. I love nature. I love to get away, now and then, from people, and just dream alone. Open country is the place to do it."

Mary Miles Minter herself

Caught in a pensive mood.

FOR the past many years, Mary has been living in country that boasts the great open spaces she so loves. California. It was back in 1914, when Mary was twelve, that she played in her first picture, made by the Frohman Amusement Company and released through Metro. Then she went to American, and from American to Realart, where she has been ever since. Both these companies produce on the West Coast, so you see, Mary was fortunate in being near to the nature she loves.

A true lover of nature, one in accord with her many moods, always seems to be just a little more sympathetic, more understanding, more kindly in her attitude toward humanity. A characteristic of Mary. She has the unusual knack of fitting her own moods to those of the person she is conversing with.

I became conscious of this when I first entered the room, tending toward seriousness and a certain somberness. Mary, too, became serious. But the pervasive Puck in her scampered to the surface, and pretty soon seriousness gave way to laughter and much gaiety. Only to bow its way out and give the stage to an engrossed ramble through literature. A superficial, but an interesting ramble.

Mary has read extensively. It does seem that the trite expression: "The more you have to do, the more you can do," takes on a glowing significance in this instance. You would suspect that Mary, with her kaleidoscopic moods, was a lover of poetry. She is. You would suspect that one who loves Shelley, Keats and Byron, leans toward conventionality's enemy, unconventionality. You are right.

Not that Mary flies in the face of public opinion. She doesn't. It's simply calling a spade a spade and letting it go at that.

Europe, Mary Miles Minter greatly pitied," says this youthful student of human nature

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THE trouble with most people who are so frightfully stilted in their views, is they have no sense of humor," she remarked. "I do so pity these people. Think of the black glasses with which they look at everything. They don't see any redeeming features about deeds that are beyond their ken. I've bumped into those kinds. The only redeeming features about these people is learning their reactions. These reactions usually border on the fanatic. Imagine such narrow-mindedness in the twentieth century."

"As a star," I propounded, "you scintillate off the screen as well as on."

"I am not a star," she quite calmly retorted. "I don't believe there is any such thing. At all events, I am not in the star category."

"Then what," I considered, "just what are you?"

She gazed at me askance and rested her chin on a slim finger. "I act in motion pictures."

"It's a good thing I have a sense of humor," warningly, "else I would certainly feel called upon to take you to task for that reply."

"Indeed?" mischievously. "Well, now that you mention it, it's a good thing I have a sense of humor, else I would probably feel called upon to tamper with this beautiful cruel weapon at an unsafe distance."

She gained her feet lightly, disappearing into an adjoining room, only to make her appearance again with a beautiful dagger which she clutched by its stunning jade handle. Her face was grim, foreboding. I commenced to quail.

"Now, Mary, you know," tremulously.

"What do you think of it," a flash of white teeth and a cheery smile ran the grimness away. "See this?" she pointed to several dark, suggestive stains. It was as though the scene changed completely, giving way to a typical Chinese one of long, long ago, wherein there was murder on foot, and . . .

"These stains," Mary was explaining, "are blood." I shivered. A thing that is fascinating in its beautiful cruelty always makes me shiver.

"I wonder if the victims were agnostics?" Mary pondered. "I am," firmly.

"You're an agnostic?" I rapidly returned.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm jiggered."

"You needn't be," Mary smiled. "With me, it is simply having a breathing range for religious beliefs."

"Which reminds me, I have been reading the Bible of late. Jove, there's a book for you."

"It certainly is." She quoted a passage from the Psalms of Solomon.

"Just magine any young man saying such a thing to-day," she gurgled. (N. B.—For fear that censors read this who are not acquainted with the Bible and thereupon would start raising the deuce, I omit the passage).

At this inauspicious moment, several knocks were at first lightly, then heavily, sounded on the door. Mary gave me a comical look. "I have reached that stage where the sound of a knock, the ring of a telephone bell, or a doorbell, makes me nervous. Since being in New York these few days, I vow I haven't had a moment's peace with anyone without having a knock, or a telephone or doorbell ring to interrupt, ushering in someone. It's becoming something of a strain, when there is no cessation.

Her face was sweetly pensive in its weariness. She straightened to smile as her mother entered the room to tell her she simply had to decide on those last two gowns, after which there were two people waiting to see her.

"Very well," but she could not smother the sigh that trembled into utterance.

Whether or not Mary admits it, she is a star. And a star is confronted with problems that are foreign to those in any other profession. There is always an endless chain of visitors, an endless chain of dressmakers, an endless number of people who storm the door even when it has not been opened.

After all, Mary Miles Minter is just nineteen. She is a girl who has a mind far superior to that of the usual girl of nineteen, a student of human nature who absorbs and uses what she has learned, but, in the end, a regular fellow who never says die. Else she probably would have passed away on this curtailed but hectic stay in New York before sailing for the other side and the vacation she has well earned.

In spite of stardom and the glory that is co-partner, Mary is what in real colloquial American is termed "a good scout." No more can any mortal be. Do you think?

P. S.—

Word reaches me at the eleventh hour that Mary made the ship with minutes to spare, before it was chugged from its moorings and sent on its European course. In fact, there were so many minutes to spare that Mary smilingly yielded to urgent pleads to pose in the wireless room. Right next door to the wireless room was the captain's cabin. Mary dropped in casual-like to bid the captain the top-o'-the morning, though, to be sure, it was noon then.

"Hello," she said. "How do you do?" Then she introduced herself, and from then on she and the captain were staunch friends. That's Mary. Everybody's her friend. They can't help it. The joyous, bubbling flow of youth and good spirits, plus personality, makes "slaves of us all."

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Kathlyn Williams is preparing her recollections of old Selig days, which will begin in the "Movie Weekly" at an early date. Watch out for it!

Mary puts "Goo-Goo" in her directors megaphones and asks, "What do you think of this?"

Below—Snapped in front of her New York hotel just before sailing for Europe

Below at right: Mary finds time to visit Famous Players Long Island Studios

Success in the Movies

As illustrated by incidents in his own career

By Antonio Moreno

EACH man has to prepare his own receipe to fame, whether it be movie fame or financial fame. Thus in attempting to give a conscientious outline of the road to fame in pictures, I must resort to the personal and take guidance from my own experiences.

First, the Desire. A great deal is said about the need for talent and the ability for hard work. Whenever a young man considers any profession, he is met with those questions, "Have you the talent? Are you willing to work?" Looking back upon my own zig-zagging course, I am rather doubtful as to my possession of either. I'm sure I was able to work when forced to it, just as are all boys. As for talent—*a fe de caballero!*—I never thought of it. A great deal more would be accomplished in this world, I think, if the consideration of "talent" were abandoned. I have a peculiar belief—at least I suppose it is peculiar, since I have never heard it expressed by a savant. I believe that we are all created equal—mentally equal, with the exception, of course, of those who were not born right. But it seems to me that for the rest of us there is a very even distribution of capabilities. Some of us may be able to paint beautiful pictures, while unable to add a sum correctly even on an adding machine, and vice versa. Some women are born superb house-wives—that is their *metier*—while others can act divinely and yet burn your steak to ebony. The trouble is that we do not look upon culinary accomplishments as being so important as histrionic. This I think to be a mistake. You may not be receiving as large a salary as I, yet that does not signify that your work and your talent are not quite as valuable. The difference is in the standard of valuation. Iron serves many more purposes than platinum, but because platinum is less common it is considered more valuable. If more young men were to consider the screen seriously as a profession and go into it with the same force as they do into other professions, there would be a lesser valuation placed upon the services of picture players.

As I say, the Desire is the first consideration. Given a real desire, work and talent take care of themselves. And I have a strong belief as to desire—instinctive, true desire. It seems to me to be placed there by the All-Knowing as a guiding whisper for your direction. Why is it that we oftentimes say that the judgment of women is better than that of men? Because a woman's judgment as a rule is instinctive—and right. She doesn't reason and argue points so carefully as do most men. Why do we say that first impressions are usually right? Because they are instinctive and come without any mental effort. There is a Something within us which is greater than our puny minds, which is infallible, which some may call the sub-conscious self. Maeterlinck recently delivered a series of very brilliant essays on the sub-conscious.

Certainly I was not marked with any tag of "talent," nor was I favored by abundant fortune to do as I pleased. I was born in Madrid, Spain, of Juan and Ana Moreno. My mother had married Juan Moreno when he was a non-commissioned officer in the Spanish army, and her family had ostracized her because they considered she had gone below her rank in so marrying. Soon after my birth my parents moved to Seville, and there a few years later my father passed on. We were left very poor—mother and I. My mother did the best she could to provide me with an education and the proper start in life, but that is not an easy thing to do in Spain when one is poor. She sent me to a boarding school in Cadiz, where the studies were largely of a religious nature. My mother hoped I would become a priest. Later we moved to Campamento, a small coast town across the bay from Gibraltar. Campamento is quite a resort for winter tourists, and I took great delight in going to Gibraltar, where I would hold the polo ponies of the Englishmen and get a few coins for my service.

Antonio Moreno

In addition, I assisted the padre in the cathedral, my mother still hoping that I might embrace the church and become a good father. But the instinct was not in me—only the devil, I daresay. Eight hours a day, in the early morning and late at night, I worked in a bakery, trudging besides a donkey loaded with loaves of bread for delivery at the shops and homes in Gibraltar. I hated the work inside the bakery. The rats, which scampered about at night, frightened me a great deal more than any stunts which I later was called upon to do in motion pictures. I was continually at war with the rodents, and no armistice was ever in sight.

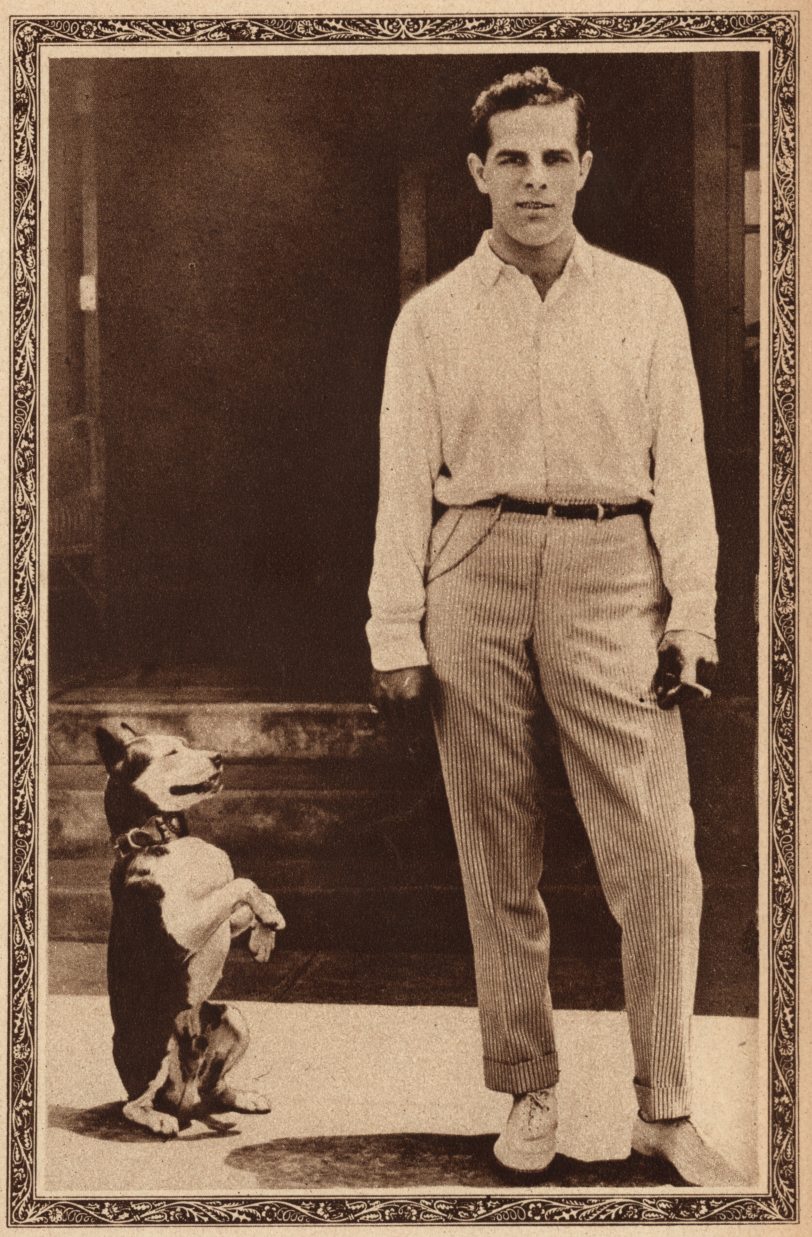
But you are wondering where I got the desire to be an actor. One is supposed to be born with the divine fire, eh? I'm sure I do not know whether or not I was born with it, although I was born with a terrific voice, according to my mother, and delighted in using it consistently. I think my first interest in the profession of acting was aroused by my visit to the theatres in Gibraltar. Oftentimes one of the tourists would take me to the show. I liked Americans particularly. Most Spanish and French boys do like Americans, as you know. They realize, better perhaps than their fathers, what big, generous hearts the Americans possess. I have heard foreigners condemn Americans for a vulgar display of riches. They overlooked the honest generosity which inspires so much of that display. I liked the Englishmen, too, who often would treat me in addition to giving me money for holding their horses while they made purchases, or—mayhap—called on some pretty senorita.

But the Americans particularly. While I could not speak English, many American visitors could speak enough Spanish to engage me in a desultory conversation. And, as you know, Americans love nothing better than to boast of America. You are born press agents of your own country. I was continually being thrilled by accounts of the glory and independence that existed here.

One day while employed at work on some fair buildings in process of erection, I attracted the attention of Mr. Benjamin Curtis, nephew of Mr. Seth Lowe, who in 1901-2 was mayor of New York, and

of Mr. Enrique de Gruzat Zanetti, a gentleman of Spanish family who had been graduated from Harvard University. Mr. Zanetti, of course, spoke Spanish fluently, and hence was able to converse with me. His kindness is a deep source of gratitude with me. Both he and Mr. Curtis gave me whatever unconscious inspiration I ever had. They took me to the theatres and they visited at my home. I was very proud of their friendship, and when they suggested to my mother that I accompany them on a trip through Spain, my ecstacy simply effervesced after the manner of the Spanish. While on this trip I met the young Gallito who, you will recall, died last year—the premier bullfighter and idol of all Spain. Like all Spanish youngsters I had the ambition as I thought, of being a bullfighter. Just as American boys aspire to belonging to the American or National League, so the young Spanish sports look forward to the day when they can enter the Plaza de toros at Madrid as flashingly brave young matadors. I must say that now I have little sympathy for the sport, thrilling though it may be. I do not like to see animals injured, but so far as the bullfight is concerned, I think it far less cruel than hunting, especially deer hunting. At least the bull has a chance and it is pretty well equipped to take care of itself, but an innocent, beautiful little deer with rusing eyes has so little chance. I could never kill that way. I think the criticism of the bullfight as cruel is a bit hypocritical on the part of people who would kill deer, don't you? The Spanish, as a rule, are not cruel people, and they regard the bullfight much as you do football, which sometimes results in the death of players. But enough—or I'll be accused of carrying on Spanish propaganda, and I *am* guilty of a tremendous love for my native country, its romance, its beauty and its loyal people.

WHEN Mr. Zanetti and Mr. Curtis returned to America, I was left behind in Campamento to continue my education. For a time it seemed that I was without hope, for the association with my American friends and the stories they had told me of American life had made me dissatisfied with the meager opportunities I had. I wanted terribly to go to America. And as all right desires are satisfied sooner or later, if you but have the faith, so mine were met. Mr. Zannetti wrote to my mother asking that I be sent to American for education. My happiness knew no bounds. My mother had remarried and was comfortably situated in a little suburban home, thus I was free of all responsibilities toward her. Although I was sad momentarily with the parting, I felt like a gay adventurer bound toward romance and riches. But I didn't feel that way long. I soon was hanging over the deck rail speculating sadly upon the wild sea waves and wondering how long it would be before I could die and go to heaven. A kind lady gave me a lemon to allay the disturbance within me, but the voyage wasn't very pleasant. The Statue of Liberty is a wonderful spectacle for many reasons, and not the least is the promise of freedom—freedom from seasickness. My guardian, Mr. Zanetti, was awaiting me on the pier and with him was a lady who was to take care of me and serve as another mother.



FORGOTTEN for the time was the theatre, yet I think the idea lingered subconsciously. When finally I was sent to school at Northampton, Mass., I again found my way to the drama. Between school terms I took a job as gas meter reader. Freud could have told me at the outset, I presume, that I really was manifesting a desire to get into the theatre, and that gas meter reading was but a means. Anyhow, I did get detailed to fix lights in the local playhouse, and while lingering in the wings at a Maude Adams performance one night, I was seized upon as an extra. Thus my stage career commenced! I forgot what I did that night. I daresay I was too frightened to know even at the time. I do remember that one of my first great pieces of acting was carrying a coffin across the stage. Lowly as was my debut it sufficed to set me on the road-that-leads-to-desires-fulfilled. Never again did I descend to a damp cellar to quer a gas thermometer.

After serving as "super"—the stage version of the movie company. The glory of obtaining the job surpassed all that I have company. he glory of obtaining the job surpassed all that I have ever since enjoyed. I was master of the munificent wage of twenty dollars per week. Of course, it was not a large salary even at that time, and I had to economize in many ways, including a little laundry work in my room at night so that I might be presentable at all times in clean linen. We toured the country that year, and at Christmas time Mr. Carter promoted me to the position of stage manager, a position which I held in addition to acting in the company. With this dizzy elevation came a raise of five dollars in salary, thus giving me twenty-five a week. That five dollar raise meant more to me than five hundred means now. It gave me more than a million dollar's worth of confidence.

A handicap that seemed insurmountable to my career was my accent. I could not speak perfect English, hence I was limited as to parts I could play on the stage. Always I was a Spaniard or a Mexican or a Frenchman or most any foreigner with an accent. It seemed as though I always would be limited, for it is impossible to remove every trace of accent. Of course, it sometimes happens that an accent is turned to good account. A great deal of Nazimova's charm on the stage is due to the delightful Russian flavor in her English. Some players carefully preserve this foreign touch. But I was for eradicating it root, branch and all. Later when I had progressed to some recognition on the stage I still made mistakes in my English. David Warfield delights in telling an anecdote on me.

(Concluded next week)

Mary Pickford

The Romance of Kit Dunlop

by Margaret Grant

SIXTH INSTALMENT

TOM had been easily disposed of. He was to have a tutor who would fit him for the Leland Stanford University. Jack had found the tutor without too much triuble, and had turned the bewildered, but ever grateful, Tom over to him. Then he found a competent woman to take charge of the outfits of the two feminine waifs from far Arizona.

Then he had had a family council at which he was speaker and final judge, and it had been decided that he should find the proper school for Kit in New York, and that she should go there when the term began in September. After that, quite content with himself, and surer than ever of Kit, he had taken the cars for the East, leaving the Dunlop family feeling as if it had been stranded in a strange land.

At the time Mrs. Barrow's card was handed to Mrs. Dunlop in her uncomfortably commodious and expensive apartments at the Palace Hotel, Kit was standing in the middle of the room that had been devoted to the needs of a sewing room, her cheeks flushed, her lip trembling and her eyes flaming wrath.

"Coll-darn ye!" Kit had just cried, shaking a particular article of apparel at the woman who was engaged in clothing her according to "fashion," "I won't wear them ——— things."

It was shocking to hear those pretty lips say such naughty words, but the eye of a connoisseur would have been perfectly satisfied with Kit's personal appearance at that moment. A week's patient submission to a hair-dresser, a manicurist and a masseuse—the latter adding a course of Turkish baths—had given her a certain well-groomed appearance, while an artist in fine linens and costly laces had provided for her certain garments not displayed usually in public, except partly on rainy days in the street or in the evening at the opera, but which clung about her rounded limbs and body in a very distracting way in this moment of her wrath.

Her feet were well apart, as could be seen plainly from the fact that her uppermost garment as to her legs was a bifurcated one. One little fist—already losing its Arizona tan—was dug into her side, while the other was clenched on that mainstay of her sex—a beautiful pair of corsets.

"But, Miss Dunlop," her attendant was saying, with all the suavity she had at her command, "no lady would think of going without them. It isn't considered decent."

"I'll go back to Arizony before I'll wear 'em. I've tried, and I'm——"

"Ah—ah-hem!" interposed the attendant.

"Well, I won't wear 'em. I can't breathe in 'em. Darn it! I couldn't git no grub into me with them——"

"Ah-ahem!"

"Well, I couldn't and I won't wear 'em."

"Suppose we make them a little looser, then."

"Not on yer tin-type," answered Kit, fiercely proceeding to exert her no mean strength on the steels with the intention of destroying their usefulness for the peculiar purpose for which they were designed.

"Oh, don't! please don't!" cried the other, in positive anguish.

"Why not?"

"Oh, Miss Dunlop, if you don't care for them, give them to me. I—I can find a use for them."

"And you won't ask me to put them on again?"

"Alas! no."

"Oh, Kit!" cried Mrs. Dunlop, coming in at that juncture, resplendent in silks and glittering with jewels, but looking as if she expected at any moment to resolve into her original elements, "here is a lady's card. What shall I do? An' you not dressed?"

Kit's native strength of character had served thus far to lift her above the fear of outraging the proprieties, and her mother had come to lean upon her.

"Dressed!" cried Kit, looking at the card, "I'm a darned sight more dressed than I used to be. Tell 'em to bring her up."

"With you in them things?" gasped Mrs. Dunlop, who had a far keener sense of conventional propriety than her daughter.

"Why," said Kit, scornfully, as she looked down at her bifurcations, "you wear the blame things yerself, an' I'll bet she does, too. Not that I mind 'em if it wasn't fer the frills on em, or if I could wear 'em without the skirts an' things on top of 'em. Anyhow, you tell 'em to send her up and I'll chuck a petticoat on an' be out thar. It's that friend of Mrs. Dalton's. She said Mrs. Barrow 'ud call on us an' tell us things."

"Mrs. Barrow? Mrs. Colonel Barrow?" gasped the horrified attendant.

"SURE!"

"Oh, Miss Dunlop, you will not see her like this? She is the leader of society here. It would be dreadful. Permit me."

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

Jack Howard, a New York mining engineer, goes to Arizona to examine a mine that is for sale. He buys a stolen horse, is mistaken for the thief, and is about to be hung, when he is rescued by Kit Dunlop, the daughter of the owner of the mine. He is shot in trying to escape, and Kit is obliged to leave him while she goes for help. He is carried in safety to the home of Kit, who nurses him back to health and, incidentally, falls in love with him. She misunderstands something he says and thinks he loves her. Through her error a duel between Tom Giles and Jack is imminent, for Tom loves Kit and is known as the worst man in Arizona. Kit starts for the fort ten miles away and Tom and Jack go after her because they learn that the Apaches are on the warpath. They become reconciled in the face of death. Kit comes with soldiers and saves both men. Kit's father meanwhile has discovered that his mine is very valuable. The deal with Jack is declared off. Tom generously puts Jack in charge of the mine and gives him a share in it. Jack now discovers that Kit would do very well for a wife if educated and polished up, and Kit decides on the education and polish.

SHE bustled about in a perfect agony of apprehension, lest in some way this wild girl from Arizona should be seen by the exclusive Mrs. Barlow, and perhaps bring shame and disgrace—not on Kit, but upon her, the wretched attendant, the clothes monitor.

Kit indeed lacked the decency of corsets, but she was ready in the conventional outer garments of society, when Mrs. Barrow was ushered into the private parlor, which until now had not been used except by Mrs. Dunlop, who, with bated breath, had sat in it or walked across it in order to accustom herself to such maginficence.

"I'm right glad to see ye," Kit said, crossing over to Mrs. Barrow, and putting out her little hand heartily. "Mrs. Dalton allowed ye'd give us a look in. This is my ma. We ain't much used to ourselves yet, but we're gittin' thar. Give me yer hat."

Kit's words were inelegant and the woman listening in the other room shuddered and was sure the exclusive Mrs. Barrow would take very little time in dropping these dreadful people. But Mrs. Barrow was seeing the simple, honest soul in the big brown eyes, was listening to the tuneful voice, was marvelling at the panther-like grace of the girl and at her wonderful beauty.

She held the little hand in hers and pressed it after she had shaken it in Kit's own hearty style; then she had transferred the little hand to her own left and had shaken hands with Mrs. Dunlop, smiling at the worthy woman, but hardly seeing her.

"So," she said, turning again to Kit, and drawing her down beside her on a sofa, "you are going to exchange the freedom of your mountains for this artificial life of ours. I hope you won't be sorry."

"You're goin' to take yer hat off, ain't ye?" Kit said, anxious to get rid of formalities as quickly as possible.

"No," laughed Mrs. Barrow," I won't take my hat off because it isn't a custom in polite society, my dear. Oh, we do lots of foolish things in the name of custom."

"You bet you do," agreed Kit. "Now, there's corsets; I want to do Jack proud, but I can't go them things. What d'you say? Must a gal wear 'em to be respectable? Blame 'em! I can't breathe a square breath in 'em."

"Of course you can't. They are horrid things. Oh yes, I wear them, my dear, but if I had a daughter she never should. Fortunately for you, you are rich and can have clothes made by artists who will know how to fit your figure and harmonize with your peculiar style. Poor folks have to wear corsets because the dressmakers don't understand how to clothe the human form divine. But I won't preach on that subject. Tell me what you are going to do."

EXPLANATIONS followed, in which Mrs. Dunlop gradually took her part and became voluble. She made known her simple wants, and Mrs. Bartow, with the kindest of smiles, undertook to see that she had everything she would need. Then she turned to Kit.

"And you are to go to school in New York, eh?"

"That's what Jack said."

"Well, of course," said Mrs. Barrow, pleasantly, "Mr. Howard is as good an adviser as you could have—for a man. But I wonder if he may not have overlooked some things. For example, if you go to a school in New York, particularly a fashionable one, you will—Do you mind if I speak very plainly, my dear?"

"Say it right out."

"You know you are ignorant and untaught in the ways of society."

"You bet I am. I know that all right."

"But you don't want to be laughed at, do you?"

"I reckon I kin stand it," answered Kit, flushing. "Though I ain't hankerin' after it."

"Naturally. Now, what I would advise is this: Suppose I could find you a lady, highly educated and refined and knowing the world—but poor—wouldn't it be a good thing to go with her, say to France or to Germany, and there be taught by her and others, so that in a couple of years you would be able to go to a New York school and there finish your education?"

Kit studied her caller's face for a few moments in silence, then said, soberly:

"Jack kind o' thought I'd better go to school fust an' foremost."

"I think you would find it very hard to endure the treatment of your class-mates. I don't believe Mr. Howard thought of that."

"Mebby not, but Jack's mighty smart, Mrs. Barrow. You don't happen to know him, I reckon."

"No, I don't know him, but I know of him. I think I heard he was engaged to a Miss Despard in New York."

"In a kind of a way," said Kit, her honest eyes never wavering as the older woman studied her, "he was; but it's dollars to doughnuts she'll give him the frosty mitt when she sees him. But that's just between you an' me."

"Then you think you'll go to the fashionable school."

"I think I'll try it."

Mrs. Barrow sighed, registered a vow that Jack Howard should not run off with the sweet little wild flower if she could help it, and said suavely:

"Perhaps you couldn't do better, dear. You can try it, and if it doesn't suit you, suppose you let me know and try my plan."

"Mr. Giles to see Mrs. Dunlop!" said a maid, entering with a card on which Tom had had difficulty in putting all his name.

"A friend of ours," said Mrs. Dunlop, apologetically; "I hope you won't mind in perticler if his manners is a leetle rough."

"Tom!" cried Kit, flaming in an instant. "Thar's nothin' the matter with Tom Giles, Mrs. Barrow. He's jest like us. He struck it rich with us, an' he's puttin' on manners like us. But he's white clean through, an' he's all right. He's the kind you'll like. 'Cause you like me, I know, an' he's ez good if not a darn sight better."

"I am sure I shall like him," said Mrs. Barrow.

CHAPTER XVII

Mrs. Barrow's Suggestion

MRS. BARROW'S fashionable friends would certainly have been amazed had they seen with what cordiality she greeted the uncouth young giant who came awkwardly into Mrs. Dunlop's parlor.

She soon had him at his ease; and presently all were engaged in the liveliest conversation, Mrs. Barrow asking judicious questions, and the others telling eagerly about their life in Arizona, as if it were already so far out of their actual lives as if they had been fifty years away from it.

They had no idea of how much o f themselves they were all revealing to the shrewd woman of the world who sat there drawing them out and studying them with a care that increased with her growing liking for them. Even Mrs. Dunlop, with her naive belief that fine raiment, jewels and carriages would make a lady of her by mere possession of them, won the society leader's heart by her sheer simplicity. As for Kit, she fell in love with Mrs. Barrow, and set the seal of her approval on her in the form of a warm kiss at going away—a demonstration that meant a great deal from that conservative young woman.

Tom Giles left with Mrs. Barrow. She insisted upon it; told him that he must see her to her carriage and take her home in safety. When they reached her home she led him in triumph into it, and then sought her colonel husband.

(*Continued on page 22*)

Why I Wrote "Three Weeks"

Told for the First Time

By Elinor Glyn

(Concluded)

"Yes, some day—my sweetheart—yes," she says. "And the gladness of the Gods fell upon him and exalted him, and his blue eyes swam with tears."

That chapter ends with this sentence, which speaks for itself:

"And this night was the most divine of any they had spent upon the Burgenstock, but there was in it an essence about which *only the angels could* write."

How could any low thought of mere sensuality have entered into a love like this?

A STUDY OF THE LADY'S MOODS

BY a careful study of the lady's moods, readers who are interested enough and just enough to care to prove what I am saying, will find that they are all in psychological sequence, and the exact result of growing love working upon such a character. Her infinite tenderness exhibiting itself when Paul shows the boyish side of his nature, as for example, about his dog Pike.

Her fierce Slav side demonstrates itself in her capriciousness in the beginning interviews, before love has taught her finer things. The scene in the afternoon when Paul has given her the tiger skin, which has been so especially condemned, is an instance of this. She is angry that the rain has prevented her going out on the lake, and takes a mischievous delight in teasing Paul.

As soon as they go to the Burgenstock, her moods begin to alter, she grows softer and softer, until the fierceness again appears, when she first learns that danger threatens, and that her joy must be short.

At first she thinks she alone will be made to pay the price, which she is imperiously willing to do—but when it is brought home to her by Vasili in Venice that it is Paul's life that is threatened, she at once suppresses her own sorrow at parting from him, and with magnificent courage goes from him, now exalted and possessed by the mystic idea that the spiritual joy in the child, whom she means to train to highest ends, must be their consolation. And in the end she sacrifices herself without a moment's hesitation to save Pauls' life; and it is plainly shown in every touch throughout the book, the splendid influence she had upon his character, to draw him to all noble things. Opening the windows of his soul, so that he saw the *fine* in everything.

"You must not just drift, my Paul," she says, when they float out to the Lagoon, "like so many of your countrymen do. You must help to stem the tide of your nation's decadence and be a strong man—Paul, wherever I am, it will give me joy for you to be strong and great, sweetheart. I shall know then I have not loved just a beautiful shell, whose mind I was able to light for a time. That is a sadness, Paul, perhaps the greatest of all, to see a soul one has awakened to the highest point ,gradually slipping back to a browsing sheep, to live with no other aim but its own mean pleasure. Ah! Paul, I would rather you were dead—dead and cold with me, than that I should have to feel you were growing into a *riendu tout*, a thing who will go down into nothingness to be forgotten by men."

The chapter ends with:

"Her face was aflame with the *feu sacre*." The noble brow and the line of throat will ever remain in Paul's memory as a thing apart in womankind. *Who could have small or unworthy thoughts who had known her*—this splendid lady—and his worship grew and grew.

PAUL'S DEVELOPMENT THROUGH GRIEF

THE effect of the two griefs upon Paul's development is a deep study.

The first parting, with its element of hope, causing him still to continue to do well in all things, to make himself more worthy of her teaching, and the second one of death, paralyzing him, and turning him into adamant until he sees the gipsy girl's face—the girl who had been so exalted and joyful with her little child on the same day that the news of his own joy had come to him—and whom he now sees degraded and hardened with the sorrow of her losses. And he realizes that he, too, may be branded with the hell of his grief, and is not going upon the road his lady's noble teaching would have had him do. So he wakes to the *fine* again, and to the realization of what she meant by the consolation of the child.

And then comes the pathos and the glory of the end.

Those critics who have used every low and sensual epithet to describe and condemn "Three Weeks," could never have read any of these things or understood these meanings of mine. But obsessed by *their own emotions* having been aroused by the descriptions of the love scenes, they felt their only revenge was to vilify *the book*.

Will you who read now please have the justice to see that it was the shock of the exquisite picture of alluring attraction the lady called up in the minds of those who were my adverse judges which was far deeper than the shock to their morals in the plain fact of her being unfaithful to her marriage vow, a subject which is the theme of most modern novels which are received with praise and approbation?

And this is the reason why "Three Weeks" has been condemned as a work, and I have been condemned for writing it.

The judges felt emotional themselves as they read, and so they argued *the book must* be bad. My idea always being to beautify and glorify love to the highest, not to give it a shame-faced, grudging welcome—because we cannot help its coming—that degrades at once, and is an admission of pure animalism. The receiving of a too strong beast—not the welcoming of a pure God.

Every description was written with the purpose that the reader may understand the lady's fascinations, and realize for himself how it was possible for Paul to have adored her as he did to the end of his life. If I had made her an ordinary woman the picture would have been false and the psychology defective. The story is meant as an exposition of a great love which triumphs over death with its influence, which pays the price of life willingly for breaking the law of man alone, which realizes the law of God in mutual fidelity.

Elinor Glyn and Mary Miles Minter

DOES NOT SCOFF AT MARRIAGE VOWS

IT has often been said that the book scoffs at all marriage vows—I had never intended this. My view being (as I have fully explained in the chapter on "Marriage" in my book called "Three Things") that marriage is a necessity for the sake of civilization. This being so, common sense should analyze what it means and perceive that love, and the sanctity of love, should be so exalted that no marriage would be entered into without it. I would alter the vow "to love forever," by susbstituting a prayer to God so to influence the spirit that this may become possible. At present every person who swears to love forever is swearing upon something over which he has no control, his control only being over the demonstration, not the actual emotion of love itself, since he cannot love or un-love at will. Every word in every book I write is to try and explain some *truth*. I cannot help it if people turn what I say into a meaning of their own. I must go on with my mission to tell fearlessly what I feel to be *the truth* about everything I touch upon.

If "Three Weeks" is examined truly and dispassionately, it will be seen that both Paul and the lady were exalted and elevated by their passion. She, growing more and more spiritual until her death. Paul, becoming awakened mentally and soulfully. Had it been the mere sensual record of passionate hours, as some critics assert, the inevitable result would have been degradation and they would. both have "Gone down into nothingness and been forgotten by men." Indeed, I should have been a very evil woman to have postulated such a moral. But I maintain that "Three Weeks" is a deep and elevating tragedy, and as such will live far beyond my life, when prejudice will be less, and *the truth* be seen more clearly. This is my defense—and this, my argument, as to why I wrote the book.

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Movie Weekly

Here for the Big Fight

AT the time we go to press, all Hollywood is sitting up and taking notice. The stars are figuring how many days will elapse before their new pictures are completed and whether or not they can make New York in time to see Carpentier and Dempsey engage in mortal combat for the heavyweight honors of the world. Many are gloomy. Gloomy because they just had a vacation, thereby baning another. For even stars don't get a holiday whenever they may wish for one, though there are some who think that these same stars rule their destiny by divine right.

Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star, is coming on with his wife. Incidentally, "Movie Weekly" is going to have a special interview with him. Famous Players aren't sure who among their Western stars will be among those present July 2nd. Neither is Vitagraph. Authority has it, however, that one Bill Duncan, serial star, will view the fight in picture form in Hollywood. Shouldn't wonder if he has plenty of callers at the hour of the showing! Goldwyn isn't sure who is entraining for New York among their directors and stars, and neither is Metro nor Universal.

Report has it, however, that everyone who can possibly break away from West Coast ties will do so. Needless to say, most of the stars here in the East are all set with choice seats. Perhaps the only occasion that West envied East.

▣ ▣ ▣

Automobile Speeding

JUDGING from the letters we have been receiving, the incarceration in jail of Bebe Daniels has aroused a lot of interest throughout the country, and it is not altogether complimentary to the popular and vivacious little star. Of course, we all know that the young lady was not unmindful of the publicity end of the "jail stunt," but it may be asked whether it was in good taste to break the law in order to gain the coveted end of Publicity! Publicity! And many of our readers have in effect asked this question. Looking over the ever-growing prevalence of automobile speeding and the long list of fatal accidents resulting all over the country, we are forced to the conclusion that the "speed maniac" must be suppressed and that something more than a fine or a light sentence in jail is necessary to curb reckless drivers.

We do not think that Miss Daniels is guilty of moral turpitude, but only thoughtlessly treated it as a joke and as an effective way to get into the limelight. Miss Daniels, however, needs no such advertising scheme. She is well enough known and popular enough without it, and we can only imagine what a sorrowful young woman she would be if her desire for more publicity should result in some disastrous happening. We agree with many of our readers that automobile speeding is no joke.

▣ ▣ ▣

Closing the Prize Contest

WE are obliged to announce to our readers that we are nearing the end of the contest, "Have You a Movie Face," and that no photographs received after July 1st will be considered. This edition of "Movie Weekly" will be on sale all over the United States, June 22nd, so there will yet be time even now if you act promptly, for your photograph to reach us as late as the afternoon of Friday, July 1st, from any part of the United States or Canada.

Queries and Answers

THIS department will answer inquiries regarding stars, studios and other aspects of the film industry. Address all communications to Motion Play Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY, 113-119 West 40th Street, New York. Write only on one side of the paper and sign your name. Only your initials or a nom de plume will be used if you so desire. Readers who do not see immediate replies to their questions are requested to be patient, as the rotogravure process in which this magazine is printed is intricate, delicate and long. Owing to lack of space it is impossible to reply to each letter. The information you want may be contained in the reply to another letter. This department can give you no advice concerning studio employment, or answer questions regarding religion, or send pictures of the stars.

BILL—Hoot Gibson's address is Universal, Universal City, Cal. Larry Semon's address is care of Vitagraph, Los Angeles. Glad you're interested.

MILDRED DIXON—Milton Sills is his real name. Yes, he's married. Address him at the Famous Players, Los Angeles. He is married to a non-professional.

JACK LAUTON—There's no reason, as far as I can see, why you shouldn't write scenarios. Age has nothing to do with it—it's ideas. Here are the addresses you want: Art Acord, Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal.; Norma Talmadge, Norma Talmadge Corporation, 318 East 48th St., New York City; June Caprice, care of Capellani Productions, 1457 Broadway, New York City; George B. Seitz, G. B. Seitz, Inc., 1990 Park Ave., New York City; Herbert Heyes, Hotel Hollywood, Hollywood, Cal.; Ruth Roland, Ruth Roland Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.; Warner Oland, Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Hutchinson, 2 Arden Street, New York City; James Kirkwood, 725 Rodea Avenue, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Cal.; Jay Morley, Vitagraph Studio, Los Angeles; Ann Forrest, 1139 La Brea, Los Angeles, Cal. Gloria Swanson is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Yes, she is married. Surely, Lillian Gish's curls are natural. Beautiful, aren't they? But why should you, an eleven year old boy, worry about the permanent wave? No trouble at all, I assure you.

JACK THALL—Address Miss Eileen Percy, care of the Fox Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. A letter will reach her there. Miss Percy is about twenty-two years old. I'm sure she would answer your letter, especially if you say as many nice things to her as you do about her.

MISS K. KLUNK—You can address Jackie Coogan at the Commodore Hotel, New York City. Address Gladys Leslie at 152 East 26th Street, Brooklyn, New York.

MISS PHYLLIS LEE—Both of the actors you mention are "on their own," and doing free lance work. So it would really be impossible for me to give you their addresses. Sorry is no word for it.

J. R. P. of P. B. S.—The Dollar Prize Contest is going as big as ever. Write to the stars personally for their pictures.

HELEN—Anita Stewart's leading man in "The Fighting Shepherdess," was Wallace MacDonald. Ralph Graves is not married, at least, if he is married, he has kept it a secret as far as I am concerned. His address is Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, New York.

ALICE WILLIAMS—Here are the addresses: Jack Pickford, Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal.; Cullen Landis, Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal.; Antrim Short, 1771 Cahuenga Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Your requests are very modest indeed.

DOROTHY PASSER—Address Norma Talmadge at the Norma Talmadge Film Corporation, 318 East 48th Street, New York City. Clara Kimball Young is about thirty-two.

J. RAY—Address George Walsh care of the Fox Film Company, New York. That's rather a personal question about Wallace Reid. I'm not sure that we would want me to give away his trade secrets. Suppose you write to him and ask him yourself, then if he wants it known he'll tell you. If he answers you might write and tell me. I'd like to know how he does it, too.

ALMA BLUE—Marie Walcamp is very much alive. Who told you differently? Ruth Roland is about twenty-eight. No, Bebe Daniels is not married. If you were a regular reader of the "Movie Weekly" you'd know she was still single. The "Movie Weekly" printed an interview with her to that effect, not long ago.

BUSY BEE—Rudolph Valentino is the talented young star who plays the part of "Julio" in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." He is twenty-five years old, was born and educated in Genoa. He has played opposite Mae Murray, Carmel Myers, Dorothy Gish and Dorothy Phillips. At present he is preparing to play "Armand" with Nazimova in "Camille."

MECCA—Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, New York, the town being named in honor of her grandfather, who was owner of large cotton mills. She has brown hair which she wears bobbed, is fond of all outdoor recreations, and is an accomplished pianist. She is not married.

LILYAN—Douglas MacLean is the son of a Methodist minister of Philadelphia. He was on the stage seven years before going into pictures. I agree with you that he is a fine looking chap, but don't lose your heart too completely, for he is married and quite devoted to his wife. However, you might be able to arrange a "platonic" affair, for he is a firm believer that such friendships do exist. He and Doris May (Mrs. Wallace MacDonald) are living examples of his theory.

PEGGY II—Address Corliss Palmer care of Brewster Publications, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York. I'd like awfully to know your cook. She sounds as if she were the real old Southern kind.

A. M.—Address your faults to the Editor, Faults in Films Contest, care of the "Movie Weekly." Then they will be sure to reach him, and if you do not hear from them you will know that they have either been printed before or do not seem to be eligible for a prize. It is impossible for the Faults in Films Department to return all the faults that are not used. There are too many hundreds of them.

MONTY—Address Madge Bellamy care of Thomas Ince, Culver City, Cal. I can't tell you a great deal more about her, except that she will answer your letters and questions if you write to her direct.

ANASSTACIA—Emil Jannings is an American by birth, although he lived for several years in Europe. No doubt his intimate first-hand acquaintance with European life and customs is responsible for his remarkable portrayal on the screen of the characters of Louis XV and Henry VIII.

WARREN—Percy Marmont will play the lead in "The Price." He played opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Branded Woman." You are correct; he was born in England.

TUESNELDA—Henny Porten played the part of Anne Boleyn in "Deception." She is a continental actress and has been called the second Bernhardt. Not by name, however.

MUTT AND JEFF—Are you both of them? You must be a busy little person. Jackie Coogan is six years old. Don't let anyone try to convince you that he is twelve. Take it from the Answerer that Jackie will be twelve in six more years.

DEJECTED—You bet a sense of humor is necessary in this little lift of ours and I am not sure it won't be needed in the life to come. But cheer up. Thank goodness we only have to live in the present. How long have I been answering questions? Not long enough to complete the task, for I am obliged to postpone yours at least a day or so.

NANCE—Francelia Billington is married to Lester Cuneo.

BUCK—William S. Hart, care of the William S. Hart Company, Bates and Effie Streets, Hollywood, Cal.; Tom Mix, Fox Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.; Buck Jones, Fox Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.; Joe Ryan, care Vitagraph Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. I can't answer the questions about their ranches. Write to them direct and they will answer you.

MARY ZUGOWITZ—Our beauty contest is going strong. If you are a regular reader of the "Movie Weekly" why didn't you see the cover with Elaine Hammerstein's picture on it and the very interesting account of her pets in the same issue? That would seem to indicate that you shouldn't miss even one issue of the "Movie Weekly."

JACK DANIELS—Write to Priscilla Dean at the Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal., and she will answer you. She will also send her picture, but I am not sure wheher it will be sent free or not. Some of the stars charge a quarter and some don't. You're quite welcome and your questions were not silly at all.

GAIETY—There's little I am able to tell you concerning the Italian films. However, it is reported that we are to hear and know more about them very soon. Goldwyn will distribute "The Ship," founded on D'Annunzio's novel. The picture shows the founding of the city of Venice and is said to be a spectacular thriller. "Theodora," adapted from Sardou's drama, will be presented after "The Ship."

R. C. C.—Here are the addresses you want: Mary Anderson, 1532 Third Street, Santa Monica, Cal.; Diana Allen, care of Betts and Fowler, 1482 Broadway, New York City; Katheryn Adams, 1553 North Mariposa, Los Angeles, Cal.; Fatty Arbuckle, care of the Comique Film Company, Long Beach, Cal.; Betty Blythe, Goldwyn Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.; Gladys Brockwell, Fox Studio, Los Angeles, Cal.; Hobart Bosworth, 236 South Rampart Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.; Wesley Barry, care of Marshall Neilan; George Beban, 904 Girard Street, Los Angeles, Cal.; Raymond Bloomer, 683 West End Avenue, New York City. Now, lady, please don't ask me to answer that last question. If I were to tell you who wears the smallest shoe in Movieland, think what jealousy it would cause. Besides, they all wear such VERY small shoes that it would be almost impossible to tell. How's that for a soothing answer?

KIM—You bet a Kipling story is to be shown on the screen! And from all reports it will be a true picturization of his wonderful "Without Benefit of Clergy." Kipling admirers need feel no qualms, for if the screen can portray the whimsical and poetic spirit of Sir James M. Barrie, as "Sentimental Tommy" gave proof, the dramatic Kipling can be produced as faithfully.

BARBARA—Your interest in Anita Stewart's pictures is insatiable. I recall telling you only a few weeks ago that "Playthings of Destiny," "The Invisible Fear" and "The Price of Happiness" were yet to be released, and here you are asking for the next picture. I shall have to resort to my ouija board next time to satisfy you. However, without its use this time, I can tell you that "A Question of Honor," an adaptation of Ruth Cross' story, will be the next Anita picture. One of her very old pictures was "Mind the Paint Girl."

MARIE—Miss Barbara Bedford has arranged with the Willat Studio, Culver City, Cal., to forward all mail to her, so you may address her there. She has been working in so many different studios that it has been a hard proposition for all of her many fans and friends to reach her. It's all fixed up now, though, so if you address her at the Willat Studio she will answer you sure.

HOPELESS BETTY—Your grief is touching. I am sure if Owen had known how you felt about it he would never even have considered getting married a second time. However, it's too late now, and you must strangle your sobs as best you can. If you really love him you'll be happy because he is. So there!

MRS. J. A.—I am sorry that I can't give you any very definite advice about getting your little daughter in the movies. About the best thing for anyone to do is to make a round of the studios and let the casting directors see what can be done about it. If she has any possibilities they'll see them. Take her to all of the studios.

MARGARET JUDGE—Here are the addresses: Wallace Reid, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.; Gloria Swanson, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.; Marie Walcamp Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Eddie Polo, 6629 Hollywood Boulevard Los Angeles, Cal.; Eugene O'Brien, Players Club, New York City; Antonio Moreno Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles Cal.; Priscilla Dean, Universal Studio Universal City, Cal.

PRINCESS PAT—Vivian Martin is at present appearing on the stage in "Just Married." Lynn Overman plays opposite her. Charles Ray's current release is "Scrap Iron."

DINWIDDE—Of course, it isn't true that Colleen Moore's eyes are not the same color. I'll admit the lady is so vivacious and her eyes are so bright and sparkling, that it's difficult to attach the color, but when I had the pleasure of gazing into them, they were both brown. Her hair also is brown with fascinating glints of copper in the sunshine. She has recently returned to the Coast to play in Oliver Morosco's "Slippy McGee," opposite Wheeler Oakman.

JACOB BERESNER—Ann Forrest played opposite Milton Sills in "The Furnace." Lucy Cotton was the lead with Bert Lytell in "The Misleading Lady." Lois Wilson played with Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?" Hope Hampton starred in "The Bait." Martha Mansfield played with Thomas Meighan in "Civilian Clothes."

ELLEN WILLIAMS—Thank you for your suggestions. We agree that the books you suggest would make good photoplays.

AERUAH—"The Skyway Man" is the last picture made by Omer Locklear. It was in the making of this picture that the daring aviator met his death.

EDWARD S. PHILLIPS—Ann Forrest portrayed the wife in "The Furnace." Milton Sills was the husband. Thank you for your appreciation.

HESTER—Marion Fairfax and Beatrice are not sisters. Marion Fairfax is a well-known scenario writer and a producer. Beatrice is the lady who gives advice to the lovelorn.

Independent Reviews of Current Plays

PLAY OF THE WEEK—*"Snow Blind"*

"SNOW BLIND"

(Goldwyn)

GOLDWYN, in presenting this story of Katherine Newlin Burt's, has selected a picture of more than ordinary beauty and power. A capable cast has interpreted the characters in it with a sensitive art, and Reginald Barker, who directed the picture, has made of his background a canvas of sweeping magnificence.

The story, to be realistic, needed just such strength and beauty of setting as has been supplied. It is set in the northern hills among snow-covered cliffs, white plains of snow and one particularly majestic canyon. Some of the scenes that flash past, look as though the hand of a Corot had directed their perspective.

Hugh Garth, twisted and deformed since birth, lives beyond the reach of the law that is hounding him. His mind, too, is twisted, and he combines with a scholarly intellect and a vivid imagination, a brutality and a bravado of manner. With him live Bella, his old nurse, and Pete, his younger brother, whose loyalty surmounts all Hugh's inconsiderate treatment.

When Hugh brings home Sylvia, a dancer he finds lost in the drifts and blind from the snow, Pete hides his own love for the girl. He lets Sylvia think him a boy of fourteen, while Hugh is winning her with tales of his own strength of character. When her sight returns, Sylvia discovers the truth about Hugh, and finds that Pete, whom she loves, has been silent through loyalty to Hugh. Hugh wakens to his own unworthy way of living, and together with the faithful Bella starts off to begin life anew.

As the deformed man, Russell Simpson handles a difficult characterization in a masterly way. A keen insight marks his portrayal, his characterization is always with a sense of proportion. The rest of the cast could not have been more carefully selected. Pauline Stark as Sylvia, Cullen Landis as Pete, and Mary Alden as Bella, each do excellent and individual work.

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"THE ROAD TO LONDON"

(Pathe)

Light, bright and cheery is "The Road to London," especially when taken at top speed, with such pleasant company. The dashing Bryant Washburn is at the wheel, his passenger is a winsome English girl, Joan Morgan. Miss Morgan makes her maiden smile in American pictures, and we hope she'll smile heaps more for us, for she's as winsome and charming as an English rose.

The picture was taken in England, and the English scenery that whirls past makes a lovely setting for a light little adventure story. Piccadilly Square rolls by, down the Mall, past the Savoy Hotel, while London buses and staid old broughams rattle along the cobblestones, and English bobbies join the chase.

Bryant Washburn is the hero who comes dashing into the story to rescue a lovely lady about to be forced into a wealthy marriage with the hated nobleman. The two blithely flee before an avenging duchess, and after a series of romantic adventures, apply their brakes before the minister's cottage.

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"APPEARANCES"

(Paramount)

SOMETHING new in matrimonial melee. The rent collector rants, the caterer complains, the grocer grumbles, and at the root of the trouble we find not the extravagant wife, but the posing husband.

"Keeping Up Appearances" proves a merry little game in this well-played British production. Herbert Seaton, an architect, goes to every length to make an impression on the rest of his friends, buying more than he can afford, entertaining in a lavish style, while his account ebbs like a bowl of soup before a hungry hobo. All around them their friends are playing the same dangerous game, and Seaton doesn't know that Mr. So and So's limousine isn't his own, Mrs. Somebody Else's handsome gown has been sent out on approval and will be returned to-morrow, and the Other Folks are appearing in borrowed plumage. Financial difficulties lead Seaton into an unintentional dishonesty, and he comes to realize that the game isn't worth the candle.

The picture is interestingly done, though a trifle slow at times, as it takes the director a long time to strike a real climax. However, a series of minor crises bear out a fair amount of interest until the real crash comes. Like "The Great Day," the other English production, its greatest beauty lies in its exquisite settings, and beautiful natural scenery. Its charm lies in a well-sustained and well-bred English atmosphere, borne out by a capable cast. David Powell, as Herbert Seaton, is vigorous in appearance and action. Mary Glynne, as his wife, displays a quiet charm and delicacy of bearing.

It's an effective touch the way the director, Donald Crisp, brought in the simile of "Appearances." Throughout the picture there stalks the grimly patient figure of the poor woman trying to play the game of pretend and coming at length to the realization that it's a losing game.

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"THE SCARAB RING"

(Vitagraph)

A MYSTERY story, centered around the evidence of a scarab found in the room of a murdered man. Beautiful Alice Joyce, as Constance Randall, is starred, and is as usual, charming in the role of the patrician beauty. The plot is full of well-sustained suspense. The settings are lavishly beautiful, the lighting effects are excellent.

Constance Randall has promised her dying father to keep the secret of his crime. The only man who knows this secret, threatens to expose it, unless Constance influences her little sister to marry him.

The day he has set for the revealing of this secret, he is found murdered in his room. On the floor is a scarab of a design similar to that Constance Randall is known to have worn. Constance is accused of the murder.

The court room scene is interesting, but lacking in strength, and only vaguely convincing. The later developments follow naturally and interestingly.

Maude Randall is pleasing in the role of the little sister, Claude King makes an agreeable leading man. Joe King, as Wark Locke, and E. Phillips, as Burton Temple, both handle their roles capably.

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"ONE A MINUTE"

(Paramount)

Thomas H. Ince presents Douglas MacLean in a comedy adapted from the stage play by Fred Jackson. The cheerful Doug is here a druggist mixing powdered ginger with a knowledge of human nature.

Jimmy Knight comes home from college to take over his father's drug store. Pitted against a syndicate of more modern drug stores, he fakes a "sure cure for all ills" medicine, which he hands to an innocent public as the discovery of his father. Their faith in the medicine cures all their woes, while the druggist grows wealthy from the proceeds and wins the girl he loves.

The farce is too nearly hokum to be entirely attractive, and little of the comedy actually gets across. The star has had much better pictures.

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"SCRAMBLED WIVES"

(Marguerite Clark Productions—First National)

AFTER many months of absence, Marguerite Clark returns to the screen in her initial production with her own company in an adaptation of the stage farce by Martha M. Stanley and Adelaide Mathews, entitled "Scrambled Wives."

It certainly is a scrambled affair that Mary Lucile Smith lets herself in for, all because she consented to marry a young student when they both thought she was compromised. The marriage ceremony was pronounced by a justice of the peace. Just at the end, in rushes Lucile's father. He immediately declares the marriage annuled, Lucile not being of age. Not having any idea what to do with a daughter who usually did as she pleased, father sent her to Europe. She returns after two years. The "scrambled" part of the story commences to get completely mixed up when Lucile is invited to a house party attended by the man she originally married and his jealous wife. The arrival of Beatrice Harlow, however, is the bomb that perpetrates all the action. Whatever happens, Lucile cannot be seen by Bee. Bee is the sweet type who smiles as she discloses the most disagreeable things she can think of about a person. In the end, however, everything is satisfactory, including Larry McLeod, the hero.

We thought the picture dragged a bit and accordingly didn't chirp up and commence to giggle until Marguerite Clark had given opportunity to display those little mannerisms which are typical of her. All in all, we'd say you will like this offering. The direction is good; Director E. H. Griffith certainly makes the most of the opportunities offered in the story. Leon P. Gendron, leading man, and Ralph Bunke, the "dub," are very good. So is Virginia Lee as Bee Palmer and Florence Martin as Lucile's friend.

(M. P.)

The Romance of Kit Dunlop

(*Continued from page* 18)

HE was on the retired list from a disabling wound, and was occupying his leisure in an enthusiastic study of ethnology, gathering material for a book, which, of course, was to astonish the world, and which already was the admiration of his wife.

"I want you," she said to him, "to come down-stairs and be polite to a very ignorant, very unpolished, very rich young man. Don't ask me any questions now, but just do as I say. I will tell you all you want to know about him afterward. Take his moral and intellectual measure for me."

"But, my dear!" protested the colonel, looking at his work on the desk before him.

"Yes, I know," she smiled, "but come, just the same. I am deeply interested in him."

"Oh! very good."

So the colonel went down to take the moral and intellectual measure of big Tom Giles, and Mrs. Barrow went down to do a little more measuring herself. And that was a good thing in its way; for, somehow, the colonel asked a chance question of Tom about the Indians in Arizona and discovered that Tom knew a surprising number of new and interesting things about them—from which moment the colonel quite forgot that he was there to do some measuring and plied Tom with question after question.

Mrs. Barrow was quite forgotten and ignored; but she comfortably took up a book and sat apart, not to read, but to listen. When Tom was finally gone—allowed by the colonel to go only because there was an appointment to keep—the colonel was starting for his library in haste, but was stopped by his wife.

"Well," she added, "what do you think of him?"

"Most interesting and valuable contribution to the subject of the relation of self-inflicted mutilation to surviving religious rites in connection with——"

"My dear," said his wife, "I am speaking of the young man. What do you think of him?"

"So glad you brought him here. I'll go up at once and put down——"

"No," she said, smiling but firm, "you shall not put anything down until you have told me what you think of him."

"A fine young man."

"That isn't enough. Has he brains? Has the foundations on which to build a superstructure of education and polish? You shan't go until you have answered me.'"

"Certainly, certainly. His deductions, of course, are faulty from lack of data for comparison and comprehension, but his facts cannot be questioned. They coincide with——"

"Now, colonel, I don't care anything about that. The facts are that he is in love with a young woman no less ignorant than he. She thinks she is in love with an educated young gentleman from New York. I want her to love this young man, and I think that if he can be educated and polished, he will be able to hold his own with the other young gentleman."

"Mollie! Mollie! At your age!"

"Never mind my age, my dear, so long as I don't look it. Tell me what you think of Tom Giles."

"I don't know about the polish, my dear. I am inclined to doubt if you will ever have him playing monkey tricks in competition with your society young men."

"Don't be sarcastic, or I shall undertake to prove by your own worshipped Herbert Spencer that our society monkey tricks are valuable in co-ordinating something else and the thingummy with the what-you-may-call-it. What about his mental capacity?"

EQUAL to anything. And if I must bring myself to a consideration of your trifles. I would say that he is a fine young man who would take knowledge and all essential polish with wonderful quickness."

"Should he go to college in order to best accomplish this in a short time?"

"If he were my son, I would not go about it in that way. His mind is mature, so that he can grasp knowledge and use it; so that the slow way of learning in a class would be a wicked waste of time and energy for him. The better way for him, since he has plenty of money, is to get for himself a tutor who is at once a gentleman and a scholar; and then to go travelling."

"Do you know the right man?"

"Poor old Bob Ritman. Your young man can keep liquor away from Bob and Bob can give him almost everything else in return. And when your young man wishes to see the very perfection of manner let him give Bob all the liquor he wants, and he will see Chesterfield out-done. Poor old Bob! a gentleman to the finger-tips, a scholar of the first water, clean-minded as a baby, but sick with the sickness of alcohol."

"Now you may go and set down your interesting data. You have been a very good boy," cried Mrs. Barrow, joyously.

"I judge from your enthusiasm," said the colonel, gravely, "that my opinion has coincided with your own."

"Yes," she answered with a gay laugh, "I find you serve a purpose in confirming my judgment of things."

A brief quotation from a letter Mrs. Barrow wrote to Mrs. Dalton that afternoon will explain her conduct during the remainder of the stay of the Dunlops in San Francisco. The quotation is from the body of the letter:

"I am usually the least meddlesome of women, but I am going to meddle in the affairs of these Dunlops. And I include Mr. Tom Giles with the Dunlops."

She neglected some of her social duties in order to cultivate the friendship and to win the confidence of the strangers from Arizona. And no doubt she succeeded the better that there was no pretence in her liking for them.

She did not introduce them into society, offering to do so if they wished, but advising them to wait; and they took her advice. Yet she had them at her house, drove them about in her carriage, took them to the theatre; and, finally, saw Kit and her mother in the train that was to take them East.

"I'll be in New York in a couple of weeks myself," said Mrs. Barrow. "The colonel has to go there in order to pursue his work."

"I know I'll be blame glad to see you," said Kit, kissing her heartily. "So long, Tom!"

"So long, Kit! I hope ye won't fergit me."

"Bet yer life I won't! I ain't built that way."

Tom and Mrs. Barrow watched the train until it was out of sight, and then went silently to the ferry-boat and took their seats on the upper deck for the long ride across the bay to San Francisco.

Mrs. Barrow left it for Tom to break the silence. Her woman's heart was grieved by the suffering that showed in his face—a strong, fine face that showed its quality now that he had shaved off his beard. He looked away into the distance until they were quite half-way across the bay; then he suddenly broke out in a hoarse, constrained voice:

"I allow that's the last o' me. She's clean gone out o' my life."

"You love her very much, don't you, Tom?"

"Love her?" Tom broke out, and then checked himself, and said, softly: "Down thar in Arizony I would ha' killed anybody that tried to take her away from me. I don't know ez I've learned much since then; but this here I hev learned: That ye jest can't put no chains on love. It's bound to be free. She loves me, or she don't. I reckon she don't."

His voice broke and he turned his head away. Mrs. Barrow put her hand on his and patted it, as she might have done if he had been her son.

"You don't know that, Tom. You mustn't forget that she's only a girl."

"Old enough to love Jack Howard! I've got that from her mother."

"Young enough to think she loves him, Tom. But Kit promised Mrs. Dalton that she would wait a year before binding herself to anyone. You've got a year yet, Tom. Maybe Jack Howard won't get her after all."

"Don't make a mistake about me," Tom said, hastily. "I want Kit to be happy. That's the way I love her, an' always did, though I didn't know it down thar in Arizony. As fer Jack Howard, he's all right. He didn't love her down thar, I happen to know. Ef he loves her now, I don't know ez I kin blame him. I reckon most any man 'ud have to love her ef she set her heart on him, ef he didn't anyhow. All the same, it ain't easy to take my medicine."

"It isn't time to take it yet, Tom."

"It's mighty good o' you, Mrs. Barrow, to take sech a interest; but don't you worry 'bout me. I kin take my medicine all right."

"I wish you'd make a fight for her, Tom. I don't like to see you give up so easily."

A smile that was nothing less than pitiful on his strong face showed as he turned toward her.

"I come o' fightin' stock, Mrs. Barrow. I ain't the givin'-in kind. All the same, I ain't a-goin' to make her life miserable pesterin' her. She's told me often 'nough she didn't love me. I reckon I got to git what comfort thar is in doin' all the lovin'."

"I'd like you to fight on, Tom."

"I would, ef ther was a livin' chance!"

"I can't guarantee that, Tom; but you've got a year. Besides, remember she has a year in which to learn a great deal."

"The more she larns the more she'll know I ain't the sort fer her. Why, Mrs. Barrow, she won't be no time at all in gettin' the hang o' all these society ways. I never kin, not ef I live to be a thousand. An', blame it!" he added, with a sort of fierce scorn, "I don't know ez I want to."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, Tom. You are too fine and strong to be a society man. Try my way, won't you?"

"What's that?"

"Give up trying to go to college. You are young enough, but you'll have a hard time catching up in that way. Besides, your health is sure to suffer if you shut yourself up in a class-room and study that way. Why not find an educated gentleman and go travelling with him? He could teach you and you could rub off the sharp corners in contact with people and things."

"But how would that git me nearer to havin' Kit?"

"I think it would make you so much the more worth her having. And, Tom, I think you'd have more than a living chance when you meet again. I wish you'd try my way."

"Could you find that sort o' feller?" asked Tom, after a long silence.

"I know the very gentleman."

"I'm goin' to try your way, Mrs. Barrow," said Tom, curtly.

"And you won't give Kit up?"

"Not by a darn sight. Ef I said so, the words didn't come from my heart. I couldn't give her up ef I tried."

CHAPTER XVIII

Jack's Two Interviews

JACK HOWARD, meanwhile, having taken care of the interests of his Arizona friends, as he supposed, in a way that would please them without displeasing himself, had gone East as their business agent and consulting engineer, with a comfortable block of the new stock secured to him at the moment of its issue.

He had written to Mr. Despard the story of his failure to buy the mine for the syndicate, without laying undue stress upon the two somewhat related facts of the extraordinary wealth of the mine and of his new connection with it.

In fact, he decided to pass as lightly as possible over his own prospects because of a peculiar disturbance within himself that tended to the creation of the sentiment of fear. He was mortally afraid that Cora Despard might have so dwelt on the graces and attractions of his person, magnified, it might be, by that distance which is said to lend enchantment to the view, that she would not be moved to give him up.

Yes, he was actually afraid of that. He had become aware of the fact that Cora's admiration for him had been made up of admiration for her person, his desire for social position and the need for wealth. He knew he had not loved her as a man should love the woman he would marry.

From scorning Kit as an uncouth little savage, he had passed through several stages to the one he now was in of loving her. He frankly admitted to himself that he had begun by realizing that Cora was lost to him, and that another heiress must take her place. That had taken him to Kit's side.

Being by her side, and his eyes each day opening more widely, he had come to realize what had been apparent to Mrs. Dalton in a moment, and what Mrs. Barrow had seen with equal swiftness, that Kit was not only the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, but as true a lady as might be found in all the world, lacking only that little polish that was easy to acquire and which, more often than otherwise, was a deceitful thing.

Whether or not he would have made these discoveries about Kit if she had not been an heiress he did not think to ask himself. It was enough for him that he loved her more and more all the time. And, of course, it was no small comfort to him that he was sure she loved him.

He had that to think of on the way to New York. At the same time he had to think of Tom and his passionate love for Kit. Also, too, he had to think that he owed his shares of stock and his position in the new company to Tom. And that added a most unpleasant complication to the affair.

He remembered that he had assured Tom that he had no love whatever for Kit. Of course, that had been true at the time, but, nevertheless, it left him in a very awkward position now.

"If Kit loved him it would be different, of course," he said to himself, as he sat looking out on the alkali plains. "I'd have to take a back seat; but if she loves me, and I love her, why——" He did not finish along that line, but went off on another, which evidently had brought him face to face with some things that he had been trying to get away from; for, presently, he shrugged his shoulders and closed his jaws tightly together. "I suppose," he said to himself, doggedly, "it is the only square thing to do. All right, I'll do it. I'll have a fair and square talk with him just as soon as I go back. I won't give her up, but I won't play a low down trick on him."

IT was wonderful how it eased his mind to come to that conclusion. He was very much brighter all the rest of the way home; and his two inevitable interviews with Mr. Despard and Cora worried him much less.

In fact, when the day came that saw him waiting to see Mr. Despard in that busy man's inner office, he was filled with a comfortable sense of being in a position to meet the millionaire on almost even terms. In fact, Jack shook hands and sat down in the comfortable chair with a self-possession that made Mr. Despard open his eyes, and then say, grimly:

"Made a failure of it, eh, Jack? I wondered if you weren't a little too raw to be trusted with the affair. Well, better luck next time!"

"Thank you!" answered Jack, coolly. "I suppose the experience has been valuable. Perhaps another might have done better for you. I came to make an accounting——"

"The cashier, Jack——"

"Yes, I've seen him, and have his receipt. I thought I ought to come and see you, too."

"There doesn't happen to be anything in your way going just now, Jack. If anything should turn up, why——"

"I wasn't thinking of that exactly, Mr. Despard," interposed Jack; "but you may remember there was a sort of agreement between us as to Cora."

"Dependent on your success, Jack, my boy; dependent on your success. And you have failed."

"Then you mean it is off altogether?" asked Jack, looking down so that his hopes and fears might not be read in his eyes.

"Don't take it hard, Jack. Besides, I may be wrong. Better see Cora about it. Go right up and see her. And if anything should turn up in your line you may be sure I'll let you know."

"Thank you very much," answered Jack; "but the truth is that I fancied you would be disappointed in me, so I took advantage of an offer made me by the present owners of the Crazy Snake, and am now acting as their agent and consulting engineer."

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Despard, casting a keen glance at his young friend.

"Yes," said Jack, carelessly, "they made very good terms with me. I think they were rather pleased that I came so near getting their property away from them at such a low figure. They argued that if I had been clever for you, I might be equally so for them."

"Ah! And do they expect to make a pretty good stake out of it?"

"Anywhere between ten and fifty millions. A half hour one way or the other decided whether it would be yours or theirs. They salted the mine to sell me, and I got them down to fifty thousand dollars for the whole outfit by showing them that I knew it was salted. But I had seen the indications before they had any suspicion of them. That's why they thought me so clever."

Jack had no mind to be dismissed as a failure, and he was telling as much as he thought prudent. And, needless to say, Mr. Despard was impressed. In truth he was not at all sure that Jack had not seen his way to a better thing for himself by selling out his original employers. That, however, rather inclined him to a greater respect for the young man.

"I hope you made good terms," he said, tentatively.

"Well, of course, I had to take what they were disposed to give," answered Jack, airily, but discreetly. He preferred having his interview with Cora before betraying the full extent of his interest in the new company.

"Naturally, naturally. Well, I wish you the best of luck, Jack. Sorry we missed the chance. You may come across another good opportunity some day. If you do, don't forget us. Shares are all taken up, I suppose?"

(*Continued on page* 29)

Bucking into the Movies—

or the letters of a self-made daughter to a doting Ma

New York City, 1921.

Mr. H. O. Potts,

Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 10th incident received with much pleasure, only I wish you would please tell paw to put a little more ambition into licking the stamp next time. It come off and I had to pay the postage again before I could get the letter. Not that it wasn't a good letter, and worth two cents of anybody's money, but it's the principle of the thing, or "E Pluribus Unum," as Socrates told Cleopatra when they was crossing the Alps.

Well, I have not received that phone call as yet, and am kinda beginning to think that I mean about as much personally to Mr. Paramount as Saturday night does to the inhabitants of Russia. But, thanks to my room-mate and my own dramatic genius, so to speak, I have got a job.

I acquired the room-mate the other night about five minutes after my landlady lugged a folding cot in and parked it along one wall and informed me that henceforth my domicile was a "double" room.

I acquired the room-mate the other night about five minutes after my landlady had lugged a folding cot in and parked it along one wall and informed me that henceforth my domicile was a "double" room.

Her name, my room-mate, not the cot, is Flossie De puyster and she is a well-known actress like me.

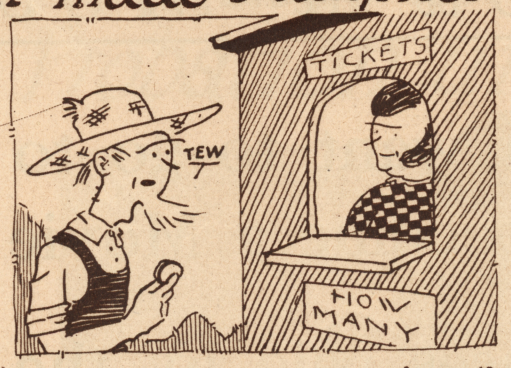
She has been working as understudy to the leading lady in a trained animal act, an understudy, maw, being a thing which exists for much the same reason that some men wear a belt, too, when they don't trust their galluses a whole lot—it's something which might come in very handy in an emergency. But the lady Flossie is understudying is enjoying such continuous good health that Flossie is about starving to death. I don't think I would want to be an understudy. Having your success depend upon somebody's violent ill health thataway is too much like a doctor following a drunken man through a traffic jam, and hopefully waiting for him to get tangled up with a truck or something.

Well, anyway, Flossie told me that I might get a job over at the Fox Studio, and, though I ain't exactly stuck on working in animal pictures on account of the high immorality involved, I went over there early this morning.

The Fox studio is a big red brick building which looks more like a shirt factory or something than a Movie Studio. I asked the way and wandered around to the side and up an alley which was pretty well filled with automobiles and a line of people who was there for the same reason I was.

Just as I got to the edge of the building I noticed that the line was twofold, one of people going in all hopeful, and one of the same coming out again looking like their rich and decrepit old uncle had just been successfully innoculated with monkey-glands or something. I also noticed something else which almost caused me to depart from there at once, the same being a large sign over an overgrown fire hose on the wall, reading: "In Case of Fire, Connect This Hose to Line in Casting Dept." Inasmuch as I was an active member of the only line I could see in the Casting Dept., and I wasn't exactly hankering for a bath at the business end of a hose, fire or no fire, I was kinda worried, but I reflected that one must make sacrifices for one's Art, and so I stayed in formation.

The guy at the little window took one good look at me and I must of made a hit I guess, because almost before I knew it I was being ushered into a big empty office. I sat there all by myself for a minute, feeling about as comfortable and appropriate



Then I explained to him that I wasn't exactly new to the moving picture business, having sold tickets once for two weeks at the Bijou Theatre in Hog Run, and he seemed kinda impressed.

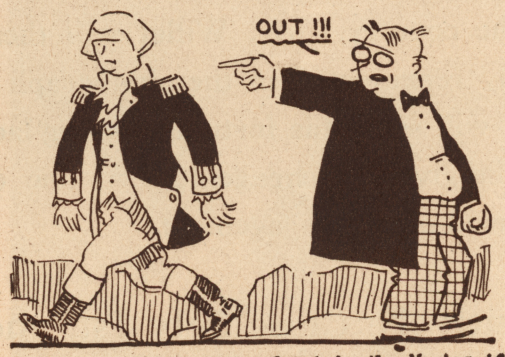
as a 1910 flivver ambling down Fifth Avenue, then a good-looking man dressed in a gray mustache and a pair of turtle-shell glasses come in and began shooting questions at me like he was taking the census or something. He asked me all the hard ones that Mr. Paramount did and then made up a few more of his own.

"Can you ride, swim and dance?" he asked.

"What am I trying out for, the movies or a circus?" I wanted to know. But he insisted, so I told him I could swim like a sea-going codfish, dance like a Piute brave full of fire-water, and ride a horse, bicycle, or street car with equal ease and fluency. Which was prevaricating a little, I admit, but (G. Washington would never of got in the movies if he had of stuck to his well-known policy, believe me).

"Hmm!" he said. "Can you act?"

So I borrowed a tin cup from the water-cooler and give him an illustrated recital of "Gungha Din," following it up with Number Three in the "Dances of the Fairies." Then I explained to him that I wasn't exactly new to the moving picture business, having sold tickets once for two weeks at the Bijou Theatre in Hog Run, and he seemed kinda impressed. He said he thought there was a scene on right then which could use me, and he turned me over to a woman who took me to an undressing-room and give me an outfit of assorted makeup.



Washington would never of got in the Movies if he had of stuck to his well-known policy, believe me.

Makeup, maw, consists of about equal parts of powder, grease paint, and perseverance. The grease paint comes in variously colored pieces of about the size and diameter of a sausage, and looks like it might be good to eat but it ain't. I know; I tried it and it tasted like a cross between stale lard and axle-grease. You smear on a liberal coat of it, then kinda dust it off with powder to sorta take off the shine.

I chose a yellowish color because it went better with my hair. I got busy and when I got through and took a good look at myself in the glass, I darn near fainted. My complexion was about as attractive as that of a dear departed, providing said remnant was a Chinaman who had been departed for about a week. So I got busy with the rouge, and when I got through again I looked a little more like a human being and a little less like a convalescent mummy. The Assistant Director met me in the hall outside, and when he got a glimpse of my face, he kinda gasped all of a sudden.

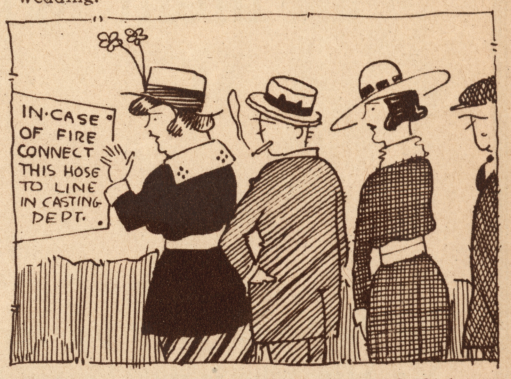
"What's the idea of the freak makeup?" he asked. "Did someone cast you as a lump of coal or something?"

"Hasn't a girl got a right to have a little color in her cheeks?" I wanted to know.

"Yes," he remarked, "only, unfortunately, red photographs *black*. With the load of vermillion you're carrying, you might make a hit playing the title role in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but this ain't that kind of a picture. Tone it down!"

So I started to go back to the room, but he stopped me and told me not to bother, as they'd decided not to use me in that scene after all.

"But be sure and report to-morrow," he said. "Be here at nine sharp, because we're going to have a wedding."



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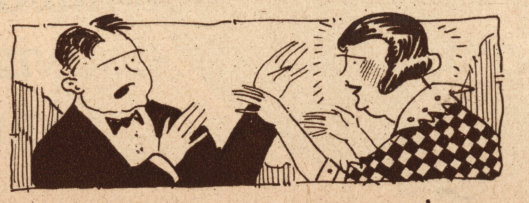

Break away, you small-town vamp!

At which I kinda blushed and giggled all foolish-like for a minute. Then I murmured: "Oh, Mr. Director, this is so sudden!" and tried to snuggle up to him.

"Break away, you small-town vamp!" he gurgled, getting all red in the face. "I'm not proposing to you, I'm just giving you a job in a big wedding scene we're going to shoot to-morrow."

Which I guess is all for this time as I will have to stop and make another effort to get the rest of that blamed makeup off of my face before bed-time. Flossie says the reason it sticks so bad is because I didn't use any cold cream first; but if my arm and my skin holds out, I'm going to get it off or bust a-trying.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

Sophie Potts.

(*Another letter next week*)

Next week there will be published in the "Movie Weekly" an article written by Kathlyn Williams, in which she tells of the old days in the movies, when she was the bright and shining light of the Selig Company. Kathlyn Williams, although even now a very young woman, was one of the earliest of the real stars, and still holds her own in the silent drama. These recollections will be found very interesting.

Have You a Movie Face?

And do you want to go to Los Angeles and become a Movie Star?

With all expenses paid by the Movie Weekly together with a guarantee of an engagement with a prominent producer—

IF SO—

Send your latest photograph to Don Marq Hix, 204 Baker-Detwiler Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Hix, who is well-known in picture circles on the Coast, will take charge of this contest for the "Movie Weekly." As the photographs are received, six judges, all of whom are persons of eminence in filmland, will select the pictures of those who appear to them to be most suitable for the screen, and these pictures will, in turn, be submitted to Mr. Irvin V. Willat, one of the most eminent motion picture producers in the country. Mr. Willat will then choose ONE picture from this eligible list, and the young lady represented in the photograph selected will be the winner of the contest. The "Movie Weekly" will send this fortunate young lady to Los Angeles, and will pay all expenses of the trip. She will be given an engagement in one of Mr. Willat's productions, and will receive a salary for the period of her engagement.

This Contest Will Positively Close July 1st, and No More Photographs Considered After That Date

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LIST OF JUDGES

WALLACE REID
VICTOR SCHERTZINGER
J. PARKER READ, Jr.
BARBARA BEDFORD
GOUVENEUR MORRIS
C. GARDNER SULLIVAN

Pauline Frederick will remarry Willard Mack That is—If he behaves himself on Probation until Christmas.

IT'S all about to be fixed up "Smooth As Silk."

Pauline Frederick, popular screen star, will be Party of the First Part. Party of the second Part will be Willard Mack, an actor of long experience both theatrical and matrimonial! He has just finished a play on Broadway in which he starred, "Smooth As Silk," and is about to open up in a new Eugene O'Neill production, "Gold."

"But weren't they—already—once?" queries the old lady with the blue-rimmed spectacles, thoughtfully chewing her finger-nails.

Well once, maybe. That is once to each other. And several times in the side lines. Sort of for good measure.

When Pauline Frederick again promises to love, honor and obey, she will echo the words she first repeated to Frank Andrews, her first husband, and at a later date to Mack himself.

And when Mack says he's goin' to love, honor and cherish, the lady in question, it won't be the first time he's repeated those self-same incriminating phrases. In fact, if practice makes for perfection, the words should come out in Mack's deep, rumbling voice, loud and clear.

To begin with Party of the First Part. Pauline Frederick took her first matrimonial step on the arm of Frank Andrews, the architect who designed the McAlpin Hotel, and a business associate of Charles P. Taft. He was married to Miss Frederick seven days after his divorce from his first wife had been granted. It was while she was married to Andrews that she met Mack.

To switch to Party of the Second Part.

Willard Mack's first romance began with pretty Maud Leone, who played in stock on the Pacific Coast, and who also played in vaudeville with Mr. Mack in playlets he had written. After divorcing her, he married Marjorie Rambeau, popular actress, who had completed several years' stock in Los Angeles. Marjorie Rambeau will be remembered as the beautiful heroine in "Beyond the Horizon," who more lately played in the thrilling success, "The Sign on the Door." The ceremony was performed at Salt Lake City.

Then he met "Polly."

It seems that about this time Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were mutually agreed the matrimonial barque had sailed too long on even seas for excitement. Accordingly they dropped anchor in the port of Divorces, and Andrews stepped out, while Polly took hold of the anchor and proceeded to change crews.

At the same time Mr. and Mrs. Mack tacitly agreed that the time had come when it was best to agree to disagree. So their little romance ended its brief and fitful run. Not long afterwards, Marjorie Rambeau married Allen Dinehart, her leading man.

(Still following us?)

Then came the Real Romance. "Polly" and "Bill" after getting their separate divorces, were united and made an ideally happy couple. But somewhere along the course they bumped into shoals, and came the dissolution of another short-lived partnership.

There was, however, a total lack of bitterness on either side. Mack attributed the divorce to his disposition.

"Polly is a mighty fine woman," he said of her. "And a good sport."

"Bill is a mighty fine man," Pauline Frederick was meanwhile saying to her friends on the Coast. "I consider it a great privilege to have been associated with him."

Not long ago, Miss Frederick, on the Coast, was being starred in an adaptation of an O. Henry story, "Roads of Destiny." The play is strongly fatalistic, showing the one climax that would mark the passage of any of three theoretical paths that the heroine takes. Miss Frederick, as the heroine who traveled the three roads, remarked at the time, "I believe Life is like that. Whatever is to be, will be."

(Even then, were three matrimonial lines converging; and did Mack stand at the cross-roads?)

When Miss Frederick came East, recently, to do a little shopping in New York, she hadn't seen Mack since the divorce. She was staying at the Saint Regis. She phoned Mack, who was delighted to drop around and see his ex-wife. Polly was generous. The bone was buried. After that, they became good friends again. They chummed around, visited theatres, were in tea rooms together. However, nothing sensational occurred.

Until!

"Polly" left for the Coast. The Monday night she left town, Mack accompanied her to the station.

(*Continued on page 28*)

Four Innocents in Movieland

An Artistic and Industrial Romance

This is the first of a series of articles pertaining to "Movies in the Making." These articles, which are plainly and entertainingly written, will tell you all the things you want to know and all about the things you have wanted to see. It is a sort of Cook's Tour, which will cover the whole thing in logical order and give to each of the many departments the time and attention it demands. So you will get, if you follow these articles, a real inside knowledge of the whole business, actually at first hand.

I. THE TOURISTS ASSEMBLE

THE YOUNG BUSINESS MAN was just a trifle flustered as he entered the severely furnished ante-room of the big Famous Players-Lasky Studio in Long Island City. In the first place, he was late. In the second place, thanks to a friend who was an official at the studio, he was about to do something which he had wanted to do for a long time—to go through the big plant and actually see for himself how it was all done, the clicking cameras, the players, and all the other thousand and one things which go to make up a modern moving picture studio.

"May I see Mr. N———?" he asked the man in the olive-drab uniform who was seated at a little desk in the corner.

"Your name, please," answered that individual, reaching for a pad.

"John Steele."

"Oh!" The other's manner became markedly more cordial. "Go right up, Mr. Steele. Mr. N——— is waiting for you now. Two flights up and turn to your right; room two hundred and four."

A moment later, The Young Business Man opened the door of a big sunny office which seemed at his first startled glance to be literally full of people. Thinking that he had made a mistake and blundered into the wrong place, he was on the point of beating a hasty retreat when a familiar voice hailed him from the midst of the bunch.

"Come on in, John!" it boomed. "Was beginning to think you weren't coming. Yes, you're in the right place. Come on in and meet the rest of the party." Rapidly getting over his initial embarrassment, The Young Business Man found that the throng of people which he had at first imagined in the office consisted in reality of only three individuals. There was The Matron, a well-groomed, motherly sort of person, who is best described by the word "comfortable"; her niece, The Girl, a good-looking young woman of about nineteen, who looked as though she were always on the very point of bubbling over with enthusiasm; and The Westerner, a lean, tanned individual with an air of quizzical good humor and a hand-clasp of steel.

COMPANIONS IN CRIME

"These folks, John," explained George N———, "are going to be your companions in crime, so to speak, for some little time to come. In fact, they are here for the same nefarious purpose you are. Sit down," he added, laughing at the expression of bewilderment on the other's face, "and I'll explain. I've already told the rest of the bunch what it's all about.

"Well, in the first place, though three of you never met each other before, you are all very old and very good friends of mine. Ethel and Mrs. Pierce here are from my old home town in Ohio. I usually spend my rare vacations out on Jim's ranch in Arizona. And I went through college with you, John. But you folks have something else in common. You are all intelligently and deeply interested in moving pictures, and you have all written to me at one time or another that you would like to make a trip through our studio here and actually see for yourselves the movies in the making. Picture studios, you know, don't as a rule, throw their doors open to visitors. If they did, they would be swamped to such an extent that their production would be seriously hampered. But I was in a position, of course, to easily arrange such a thing for you. There was just one thing made me hesitate.

"The average visitor to a studio is given a brief glimpse of the stage and sets, watches a picture being made for a few minutes, is whisked into the Property Room, and is possibly given a hasty look at the Wardrobe or Art Departments, and then, almost before he realizes it, the whole thing is over and he is standing outside again. His knowledge of the inside workings of the photoplay consists of a hazy impression of vivid blue-white lights, players grotesque in heavy makeup, huge sets and rooms full of innumerable props and articles of clothing. The whole affair has been like trying to see Europe from the window of a speeding railroad train. It simply can't be done that way."

The Girl nodded in emphatic agreement. "I know exactly what you mean, Mr. N———. Lucille Walden went through one of the big Western studios that way when she was in California last summer. And all she got out of it was a mixed-up jumble about 'closeups,' 'shots,' 'sets,' and a lot more like that, without having any more idea in the world what it was all about than she had before!"

"That's usually the way," answered George, "and I knew that a trip of that kind wouldn't satisfy any of you. So I set to work and tried to figure out a trip, or rather a series of trips, which would actually tell you all the things you wanted to know and show you all the things you wanted to see. Sort of a tour, so to speak, which would cover the whole thing in a certain logical order, and give to each of the many phases and departments the time and attention it deserved. A trip of this kind would leave you at the end with a real knowledge of the inside workings of moving pictures, and an actual first hand understanding of how the movies are really made.

"I knew that all of you had the time and the money to make such an undertaking feasible, and I wasn't in the least in doubt about your desire to do it. The only thing which worried me was the fact that to take each one of you individually in this way would require more time than I could really afford to spare.

"A COOK'S TOUR" AFFAIR

"So I conceived the idea of combining you all in one party, and having you take the trip at the same time."

"A sort of a 'Cook's Tour' affair?" asked The Matron smilingly.

"Exactly. A 'Cook's Tour of Movieland,' with a thoroughly congenial little party on board. As soon as I decided what I was going to do, I wrote each of you, not telling you that others would be in the party, and tried to find a convenient time for you to come to New York. Luckily, I succeeded in arranging a date which would suit all of you. And so here we are."

"Yes, here we are!" exclaimed The Girl, her eyes shining. "And are we going to start on the tour now, Mr. N———?" she asked eagerly.

"Softly, young lady," smiled George chidingly. "Here I've just finished expatiating upon the futility of a 'car-window' tour, and now you want to fly out right away and embark upon just such a trip. No, we're not quite ready for the actual tour yet. I'm going to take you out upon the stages in a very few minutes, but before we go there I want to try and give you a little idea of the immensity of the whole affair so that you will be able to better understand what you see."

"This is the largest studio in the East, isn't it, George?" asked The Young Business Man.

"It is, and, more than that, it is the largest moving picture studio under one roof in the world."

"The largest studio in the world!" broke in The Girl, incredulously. "Why, I always thought that the largest studios were in California."

"You forget that I said 'under one roof.' Some of the California plants are larger in actual extent, but they are not individual studios, but rather a series or succession, of stages, many of them open air affairs. Our own Western studio is larger than this, taken all in all, but it is a spread out affair, where this is all concentrated under the one roof."

"You have another plant in California, bigger yet than this?" asked The Matron.

"Yes, the Lasky Studio in Hollywood. We have also a 'Famous-Lasky' Studio in London, England, which contains an English company of players and releases for the European trade only. We even have another completely equipped plant in India. Though it is not working now, we have the necessary equipment on the spot to produce pictures there if we ever find it desirable to do so."

"But I don't see," objected The Young Business Man, "where it is a desirable thing to have both a studio in the East and one in the West. Wouldn't it be a better business policy to combine and concentrate the two into one monster plant, either in one place or the other?"

CALIFORNIA IS IDEAL

"No, John," answered N———, "it is better as it is, for several reasons. You know, of course, the wonderful conditions in climate which make California such an ideal movie location. For a full five months out of the year, you can rely upon perfect light and an entire absence of rain."

"Why not move the whole outfit out there then?" asked The Young Business Man.

"Because New York City is the theatrical capital of the world. It is said that one can stand at Times Square and see at one time or another practically every really well-known player on the stage pass by. Many of the players making pictures for us are appearing in so-called 'legitimate' productions on Broadway at the same time. This and other factors, including the fact that New York is also the literary center of the nation, make our metropolitan location of decided advantage. Then, too, it is possible to secure practically anything in the property line here at a moment's notice, whether it be a Siamese darning needle or a trick giraffe. Props are relatively hard to get in the West, and this consideration means much to a big producing organization."

"Do you swap players back and forth between your two studios to any extent?" asked The Westerner.

"Frequently. Thomas Meighan makes a trip back and forth so often that he might almost be called a 'transcontinental commuter.' Ethel Clayton makes pictures on either Coast. Agnes Ayres just arrived here from the West the other day to play the leading woman in 'Cappy Ricks,' and Wallace Reid is here to play in 'Peter Ibbetson.'"

"But what in the world do you do for interesting scenery here in the East?" queried The Matron.

"A great deal of it, such as wealthy estates, homes, and things like that, we get right here on Long Island. Sometimes, though, we have to build a location bodily. We did that at Forest Hills, L. I., when, for Barrie's 'Sentimental Tommy,' now playing on Broadway, we built an entire Scottish village. It was an exact replica of Kirriemuir, Scotland, and took a force of fifty carpenters and scenery-designers three weeks, working day and night, to build.

"But it often happens, of course, that, in order to get the scenery we need, we have to send a company sometimes several hundred miles away from here. The mountain scenes in 'Sentimental Tommy' were 'shot' in the Adirondack Mountains in New York State. Many scenes in 'The Conquest of Canaan' were taken in Asheville, North Carolina, and in filming 'Experience,' scenes were taken in St. Augustine, Florida. Thomas Meighan and company are now working in Boston and along the Maine coast for some of the sea scenes in 'Cappy Ricks.' Much of the scenery, however, we can construct right here on our two studio stages."

"Two stages!" echoed The Matron.

"Yes, an upper and a lower. These stages are huge affairs containing over fifty thousand square feet of floor space between them. These figures may mean more to you if I tell you that we have ample room for producing twelve different pictures at once, if necessary. And each of these twelve would be a regular, full length feature."

"Have you ever made that many at one time?" asked The Matron.

"No, though we were producing eight at one time last Fall."

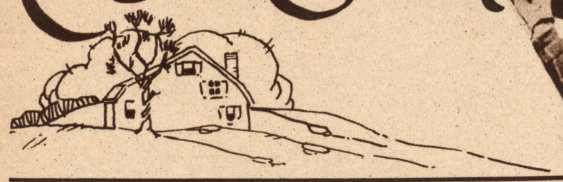
"Are both these stages the same size?" asked The Young Business Man.

"Yes, and no. While they are both of approximately the same area, the upper stage has more space available for ordinary use. This is explained by the fact that the lower stage has a portion especially and permanently equipped for 'rain scenes.' That is, it has a concrete floor and a special system of drainage. Also, this lower stage is equipped with huge pools, or 'tanks,' where many of our water scenes are shot."

"Then you can use these two stages for entirely

(Continued on page 28)

The Adventures of Tom Mix



EIGHTH INSTALMENT

THE refugee fled in the night. The two officers followed him to a draw—a gully in the hills that drains off the water. The draw was timbered, Mix took up one side, O'Neill the other, watching for their man. In a few minutes Mix heard from across the gully, the sounds of a shot, quickly followed by a second report.

His practised ear told him that the first shot was O'Niell's, because it was from a smaller calibre pistol than the second. He ran through the brush in the direction of the shooting. He found O'Niell unconscious and the other man dead in the snow fifty feet away, shot through the stomach. O'Niell died in an hour.

"With a larger gun, O'Niell would have been alive to-day," Mix said of this incident. "He had been carrying a 32 pistol, which took a smaller bullet than the 45 used by the refugee. The smaller bullet could wound to death, but its entrance into a vital part was not so violent as that of a larger piece of lead, and it would not cause the same shock. Thus Joe's bullet left the man a small margin of energy, which, backed by his desperation, enabled him to lift his arm and aim a more deadly bullet into the body of his pursuer.

"I carried a heavier gun," Mix added, "and as long as shooting had to be done in such desperate cases, had I shot first, an innocent life would have been spared.

Mix loaded the two bodies into the culprit's wagon and went back to the house of the Mexican woman, hoping to rest there till morning as the night was dark, and the ground covered with snow. The woman was infuriated, thinking he had killed her friend. She shook a pistol in his face. He wrested it from her and tried to explain. As he unhitched his wagon, he turned suddenly to find the woman slipping upon him with a carving knife. He jerked it away and tried to soothe her. But when soon after he heard the creak of a soft step and whirled in time to escape death from the woman's axe, he decided to depart. He drove through the snow all night and all next day without food. He had escaped just about four wounds on that trip.

Again when Mix was deputy United States marshal in the mountains of Southeast Central Tennessee, with headquarters at South Pittsburgh, he found it necessary to outwit one Jess Eldridge, a bad man of the Eastern Tennessee type, feudist and moonshiner. Jess was wanted for moonshining. He had previously overcome another marshal, taken his gun, knocked him down and sat on him while he shot the marshal's ammunition into the pursuing party. He would have done the same to Mix, or worse, if he were not outwitted.

Mix rode forty miles through the mountains to Eldridge's shack. He wound his cartridge and pistol belt 'round the pommel of his saddle, and carelessly threw his coat across to conceal them. When he came on Eldridge, the moonshiner covered him with his rifle, but seeing Mix seemingly unarmed he set his rifle down.

Instantly the United States deputy marshal whipped out his revolver, covered the moonshiner, leaped off his horse and had him in handcuffs in less than a minute, then put him on a horse and drove him in front to South Pittsburgh, fourteen miles away:

"It was a trick," Mix remarked later, "but legitimate in besting a trickster and I had more proof of his trickiness when I got to town." Eldridge had friends in town, and he whined to the crowd around the jail, "This man hasn't fed me for twenty-four hours," when he had only been taken a few hours before. The crowd growled threateningly at Mix, who rode on his way as soon as he had delivered his prisoner, realizing that a work of justice is sometimes a thankless task. It was for this capture that Mix was later waylaid in the mountains and shot.

THE greatest compliment, from a robber's point of view, that he can pay another man, is to take him into his partnership and his confidence. So Tom Mix was greatly flattered—doubtless!—when he got word one day through a town loafer, that Henry Starr, notorious bank robber of Oklahoma and Southern Kansas, invited him to a "bogus stick-up."

Twice a month Mix carried some five or ten thousand dollars in gold from Independence, Kansas, to Table Mound, to pay off the workmen of the Hunt Engineering Company, for whom he was foreman. Starr planned to hold Mix up on the trip, have him surrender the coin and then go halves.

"Nothin' doin'," was Mix's brief answer to Starr's messenger.

"I'll get it anyhow," Starr returned.

"Help yourself!" Mix answered in the smiling fashion of the Westerner, when his seeming joke is dead earnest and the other fellow knows it. Mix didn't threaten. He didn't have to. Starr knew his reputation, and let Mix alone, occupying himself with robbing the banks of Tyro, Kansas, Stread, Copan and Hennessy, Oklahoma, and shooting marshals and agents.

When, soon after, Mix became city marshal of Dewey, Oklahoma, a cattle and oil town in Northeastern Oklahoma, he sent Starr word:

"Keep out of my town or I'll build a smoke under you that will darken the sky for forty-eight hours!"

Starr kept out!

The same daring Mix has transferred from hunting bad men to making screen dramas.

"Why not fake your hair-breadth escapes, daring escapades and crack shooting for the screen?" many have asked Mix. "It is easy to fake. Most of the Wild West drama is faked. You will escape a lot of danger."

Mix only laughs at such talk.

"I don't have to fake!" he is likely to reply. "I am putting real life on the screen. Any good actor can fake Wild West stunts, and make a fairly good show—but faking isn't real life."

When he has spent half his life gathering experience, the experience he puts into his dramas, it would take the zest out of the work to fake it. He wants to be honest with his audiences and with himself.

He is putting his own life into the screen. Perhaps eight times in the course of a five-reel picture he faces danger for the sake of reality so easily that the onlookers fail to realize it.

As a deputy sheriff pursuing outlaws in one of his films, he scornfully refused to substitute a dummy when he rolled down hill in a coach that had tipped over a precipice. Mix had a frame fixed inside the coach, by which he supported himself and got to the bottom with as few scratches as possible. When he emerged from the broken coach at the foot of the hill, he again refused to fake the scene when the bandit shoots at him. The shooting was done as usual by one of Mix's crack shots, in this one, Ed Jones, a cowman of the old school, who sent a real bullet straight through the bade over the deputy's heart. Just previous to the shot Mix is shown, when the film is run, taking his watch from his breast pocket under the badge, and immediately after the shooting—all this is done in one continuous action on the screen—he draws out the fragments of the watch and with them the bullet that has seemingly been stopped by the watch.

What saved Mix's life in this case was a small steel stove plate concealed under his badge, inside the shirt. The plate was bullet proof—and Ed Jones never misses his mark. But a few inches to the left or right, up or down and the bullet would have penetrated a vital part of the actor's body.

What a terrible risk to take! Yet it is real, genuine, no fake, honest acting!

CHAPTER XV

Why a Cowpuncher Became an Actor

WHY did Tom Mix give up the life of the great Southwest, that he so loved, and go into motion picture work?

Let him tell why.

At an exhibition in the Southwest, a motion picture manager saw young Mix bulldog a steer and realized at once that there was a future for his talent. So Mix was coaxed into acting before the camera. Then he discovered so many things that he liked about the business that he didn't have to be coaxed any more.

It opened a new life to him—a province of the Kingdom of Adventure he had never even dreamed of. Perhaps he felt he had outlived the old life of the ranges, and in his restlessness he reached out for something different.

AGAIN Mix himself explains that he was known throughout Texas and Oklahoma, and the rest of the Southwest, as "fast on the draw," a sure shot.

"The minute a man had a reputation of being fast on the draw, there was always some wild or drunken cowboy laying for him to torment him into a fight, hoping to steal his reputation for himself," said Mix. "I knew that a lot of bad men all over the Southwest had it in for me since I first became a United States official to round up outlaws—marshal, enforcement officer—and a Texas Ranger. To me it was like the prize-fighter who acquires renown, there was always other prize-fighters challenging him. Some younger and more reckless fighter comes along and he is liable to meet his Waterloo.

"I figured I had done my share of work for the Southwest, and when the offer came for the motion pictures, I decided it was a good time to get out.

"Besides, I believe my uppermost reason for going into pictures was that the public would be interested to see on the screen the real life of a cowboy and some of the things he does. I have tried to show these things in pictures, and what I do show are the real things. I don't attempt things merely because they look great. If I know them to have been done, I try to put them on the screen as we used to enact them in the Southwest."

From Oklahoma, Texas and Mexico, Mix has brought a most interesting equipment of "properties" to his work, gathered during his years in those places.

His collection of sombreros and cowboy hats is estimated to be worth some $5,000. Some of these he has worn in various pictures. His lot of saddles is one of the finest in the country, some costing as much as $300, of all the various sorts used in Mexico and on the ranges, the real Mexican saddle is a marvel of ornateness, decked out with silver, gaudy in the extreme.

The cowman of the Southwest indicates his wealth and style by the size and cost of his sombrero. He thinks nothing of spending $50 for one. When he becomes rich and extravagant, he may go into Mexico for a hat, for which he pays, perhaps, several hundred dollars, made of the best material and ornated with silver trimming.

At Mixville there is also a rare group of old wagons and stage coaches of the type of the Southwest, that give the Mix pictures exactly the right flavor. The prize of these vehicles is probably the oldest stage coach in existence. It was built in 1860 at Concord, New Hampshire, and it made hundreds of trips over the old Sante Fe Road, years and years before the overland express introduced the luxuries of parlor cars, diners and colored porters, along the historic path. This coach holds 18 passengers, 9 inside and 9 on top. In its heyday it was drawn by six horses.

A herd of cattle and a herd of horses—just like Texas and Oklahoma—are features of Mixville, and they certainly do look well in the pictures! When a Texas steer is needed for the picture, all the property man need to do is to jump on a pony and round up one or the whole herd from the pasture.

THERE is a "sweet corral," for breaking horses to picture work, like the one down on Mix's father's ranch down by the Rio Grande. Men in wide hats and chaps people the place, cowmen from the old haunts in the Southwest, some attending to the stock, others acting in the pictures.

Most interesting of all, are Tony and Aggie, those human horses trained to act for the screen, without one or both of which a Mix picture would not be complete.

Blue, the hero of "Treat 'Em Rough!" was with Tom Mix for years, and loved him as a horse can love only the man who befriends him. He liked to follow Mix around or kneel in front of him and coax for sugar, and at the same time he had carried the actor through some of his most dare-devil escapades. Whenever a film was being taken, he listened and followed his master's directions "just like real folks."

Mix is as careful with his motion picture ponies as a father is with a child, and treats them with the utmost gentleness—cruelty is the last thing to think of in connection with his animals. Blue, Tony and Aggie play their parts with a zest and intelligence that only humanly treated horses can show.

Indeed, there is every sort of paraphernalia on the ranch to help put the "real thing" into pictures. It is the atmosphere in which Mix can work and get inspiration. It is the atmosphere, too, in which he can play, for the cattle ranges, the big outdoors, the fresh air, the wind and the rain and the sun, his cattle and his horses and friends who work with him, help give the recreation and relaxation after strenuous work that such a man would hardly find in the stuffy haunts of the city.

Only a man who has lived this life can present it entirely true, for as Mix says.

"You can make an actor out of a cowpuncher, but you can't make a cowpuncher out of an actor."

THE END.

Four Innocents in Movieland

(Continued from page 26)

different kinds of work, commented The Young Business Man.

"Yes, and also in a way which you probably never thought of. In the average studio, when 'mob stuff' is taken, it practically breaks up for the time any other work which may be going on. Here, such a problem does not bother us at all. For instance, in 'The Idol of the North,' starring Dorothy Dalton, there was a big hold-up scene requiring a good many characters and a lot of shooting and rioting in general. We merely shot this scene on the lower stage, and other and finer work went on on the upper without any disturbance whatever."

"And do you take pictures in the other building, too?" asked The Girl.

IN THE LABORATORY

"No. That is the Laboratory, and is devoted entirely to the preparing of the finished film. A moving picture film, when it is taken, you know, is just like the 'negative' of a pocket kodak. From this 'negative' the 'positive' prints are made, and these are the films which produce the pictures you see on the screen. We make, on the average, eighty prints of each feature. These prints are distributed to all parts of the country, and abroad as well. They go to all parts of Europe, some have even gone as far as Capetown, Africa, and many go to the Orient. You may not know, for example, that Japan just now is going almost 'movie mad.' Of late we are being fairly deluged with letters from ardent fans of Nippon requesting photographs of their favorite picture stars."

"It must take a bunch of men to handle all that film," remarked The Westerner.

"It does. By the way, Jim, what is the population of that little tank town where you get your mail?"

"It was two hundred by the last census," drawled The Westerner. "But there's been several families left town, by request and for other reasons, since then."

"Yes? Well there are just about enough people in the entire place then to man our Laboratory alone, because it requires a force of at least one hundred and fifty workers."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed The Young Business Man. "How many do you employ in the entire studio then?"

"Exclusive of 'talent,' the total is something like five hundred and fifty, including the laboratory workers. Including 'talent,' meaning the players proper, we may have as many as a thousand people employed at one time if we are working on a big production."

"I'd think it would cost a fortune to make a single picture!" exclaimed The Matron.

"It does. Laying all press agent superlatives aside, a single picture requires an enormous expenditure of money. In the case of a picture like 'Experience,' where the cast was literally a roll-call of famous names, it actually costs a sizable fortune. I doubt if even the simplest of pictures, with a very small cast and comparatively inexpensive settings, could be produced for less than fifty thousand dollars, when you consider the enormous overhead expense."

"What do you mean by 'overhead expense'?" puzzled The Girl.

"I mean, among other things, the huge pay-roll, comprising, not only the players themselves, but also the host of other workers in the studio. The popular idea is that our electricians, carpenters, etc., are merely ordinary workmen who just happen to be working here in a moving picture studio instead of outside on other jobs. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

"The making of moving pictures is a game requiring the finest and most difficult technique. The ordinary electrician or stage carpenter would be hopelessly out of place here in the studio. Practically every one of our workers is a highly skilled technician in his own particular line, and is a highly paid worker in consequence.

"Just to mention a few examples, our electricians must be past experts in the most difficult problems of lighting, as you will understand better later on. Sam Klein, the head of our Art Department, studied for years, both in this country and abroad, and was a scenery painter with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York City before he came to us. And every one of the men under him are also experts.

"But the best way to appreciate the difficult task of the men who build the 'sets' is to actually watch them at work on the stages. So, if you are ready, we will do that very thing, and, incidentally, start on the first stage of our little tour through Movieland."

The Girl arose with the rest, her eyes sparkling. "Oh, Mr. N———!" she exclaimed. "Are we really off on 'The Tour?'?"

"Yes, Ethel," smiled N———, "I guess we're really off."

(Next week—"Building the Sets")

You May Be a Poet and Do Not Know It

The public is invited to contribute to this column

$1 for each poem accepted and printed

(Rejected poems will not be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes).

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Can you tell me why the girl,
Who sobs out all her woes,
Instead of dabbing at her eyes
Most always dries her nose?

How, when upon an island wrecked,
The hero turns up smart,
Just shaved, hair brushed, with spotless clothes?
It must be quite an art!

In films, I often see some man
Who into water goes.
Some seconds later he's quite dry!
How did he dry his clothes?

Sometimes a maid goes for a spin,
For pleasure, we'll assume,
But when we see her coming back,
She's in a new costume!

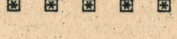
It beats me how such little things
Are able to get by
The man who's then directing and
Escape his eagle eye!

EXPRESS TO HAPPY LAND

Did you ever stop to think
Of "Doug," the happy gink,
And Mary, winsome Mary, so sincere?
Did you ever pause and wonder
They could ever be asunder
So perfectly they advocate a sphere?

Do you note their aim aspiring?
How with energy untiring
They work with head and heart, the best they can?
Just scan their pictures closely;
Neither one of them has grossly
Ever pandered to immoral taste of man.

But both, happiness diffusing
Crime and sordidness reducing,
Make us feel the urge to give a helping hand.
So "Doug" and Mary dearest,
May you ever stay right near us,
With your slogan, "ALL ABOARD FOR HAPPY LAND."



THE NERVY COP

Isn't it just a horrid sin?
A nervy cop pulled Bebe in,
Just for running a mile too far
In her new, fast-flying car.

There's as much sentiment in a cop
As in a peanut-selling wop.
Why doesn't someone raise a din
About that cop who pulled her in?

A peach! No one can ever match you
Oh! to be a cop and catch you!
I'm not a tailor, but I'll 'fess it,
Suit against him? Yes, I'd press it.

MARY'S GARDEN

Mary, Mary, you're not contrary,
And perhaps you've no garden to grow;
But ever larger grow the crowds.
When you're featured at a show.

You hold the rows of men and maids
Encharmed with your fairy-like spells
And often, in your rippling laugh
Is the lilt of silver bells.

Mary, Mary, you're not contrary;
But you have a garden, I know.
It's in the hearts of your lovers all,
And your garden will grow and grow.

Our Mary in a Double Part

(Continued from page 9)

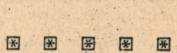
vels at the change in the once formidable old earl. As for the old earl, all his fierce, proud hopes that had been thwarted in his own sons find life in the new heir.

When a claim is advanced to the earlship by the wife of his dead son, for what she claims to be the son of the earl's successor, the earl combats it bitterly. It is two old friends of Cedric's, Dick, the bootblack, who is always on the square, and Mr. Hobbs, whose opinions of nobility have undergone a change, who journey to England and are instrumental in proving the falsity of the claim.

In a misery of apprehension, lest the boy he loves with all his grim old heart be deprived of the succession, the old earl has sacrificed his stubborn pride and gone to Cedric's mother for comfort.

In spite of himself he is drawn to the quiet, gentle little woman who has given Cedric her own qualities of grace of mind and body. The earl realizes abruptly that her presence is just what is needed to bring happiness to the castle, the little lord and himself.

So "Dearest" comes to the castle, and the little lord's cup of joy is filled to the brim, and there begins a life of sunshine for all at Dorincourt.



Pauline Frederick Will Remarry Willard Mack

(Continued from page 25)

You talk about the shot heard round the world! Would you believe one innocent osculation could be heard above the tumult of roaring traffic on Broadway, could reverberate to the mortar walls of the studio land at California, and rouse sounding echoes in the hearts of hundreds of daily papers?

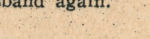
Well, that's what happened at the Grand Central Station when Polly told Mack good-bye in a not-to-be-mistaken for mere warm friendliness manner.

The papers blazed out the astounding news that there would soon be a repetition of the Mack ceremonial, with the same parties taking the leading roles, the theatrical world pricked up its ears, fanland registered an amazed interest.

"Yep, it's true," Mack gleefully admitted to a flood of questions. "Polly and I are going to try it again. That is," he qualified, "if I behave myself properly. I'm sort of on probation until Christmas. This summer, when I go up to Alberta to see my folks, I'm going to drop over and get Polly and see if we can't fix it up."

Mr. Mack denies the report of his engagement to a certain professional lady at the time he and Polly met, re-loved, and were re-engaged to be re-married.

"People have merely gotten into the habit of thinking I'm going to marry every woman I'm seen with!" he refuted with a laugh. "Why, I never have loved another woman since I met Polly, and I'll be mighty happy to be her husband again."



DO YOU REMEMBER?

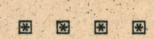
When Flora Finch and John Bunny with Vitagraph made up the first really well-known comedy team in moving pictures?

* * *

When Bobby Connely with Vitagraph was practically the only child actor on the screen, and appeared in the "Sonny Jim" stories?

* * *

When Balboa advertised that they would pay the princely price of five dollars per reel for original scenarios of "exceptional merit?"



BETWEEN REELS

Don't you just love the idiot who very intelligently parks his straw hat in the seat beside him in the theatre, and then promptly forgets all about it until just after you have very thoroughly sat upon it?

* * *

Judging from some of the recent photoplays, some of our more prolific scenario-writers have recently been inveigled into purchasing various sets of Poe, Kipling, O. Henry, et al., on the instalment plan and, repenting of their folly, have resolved to get their money back by plaigarizing to the fullest possible extent from the works of said masters reposing on their book-shelves.

The Romance of Kit Dunlop

(Continued from page 22)

Jack assured him there were no shares on the market, and took his leave, very well pleased with the manner in which he had served his connection with the syndicate. Mr. Despard called Cora up on the wire as soon as Jack was gone.

"Is that you, Cora? All right! Jack's just been here; going up to see you now. Better let him down easy, I think. He made a dead failure for us, but it looks as if he had not altogether failed for himself. What? About the engagement? Oh, I told him to see you. Gave him no hope, of course. I say, Cora! I'm not sure you mightn't keep him hanging on. He's the real thing in society, you know, if he is poor. I have an idea he's done pretty well for himself. Well, he's a little more free and easy in his manner. Anyhow, don't let him go until you've made a sure thing with what's-his-name. Good-bye!"

Cora was in when Jack called, and she came down in so stunning a gown that he knew at once that there had been some communication between her and her father; and when, in addition to the gown, she smiled gladly and ran to give him her hand, he began to wonder if her father had discovered in some way that his stake in the mine was of very respectable proportions. And his heart sank.

"I'm so glad to see you again, Jack!"

"I wondered if you would be," he said. "You know I made a failure of my mission."

"That won't prevent our being friends, I hope. Papa may keep his old business for downtown. You will come to dinner to-night, won't you?"

Cora certainly was a beauty and had a wonderfully fine manner. Jack inevitably made comparisons; and—well, if she held to the half engagement there was between them he could hardly consider himself unlucky. Still Kit was prettier and richer, and—he loved her.

"I'd like to come, Cora," he said, "but I want to know how we stand toward each other. You know the arrangement between us when I——"

"Don't let's talk of that right away," she cried, seating herself beside him with a smiling face. "Tell me some of your adventures. I know you have had some wonderful ones."

"No very wonderful ones, Cora; but such as they are I will tell you about them later. Now I must know if my failure has spoiled my chances with you. You know, if I succeeded you were——"

"I was going to give you your answer, Jack," she interposed, shaking her finger gayly at him. "Don't be so impetuous, you silly boy!"

Jack found himself wondering if Cora was really two years older than he, as one of her dearest friends had assured him. Cora was trying to conjure up some way of finding out from him if he had done well for himself out in the West.

"I am not going to say anything about love," said Jack, with the air of a man of the world, "because there never was any pretence of anything of that sort between us; but I have a future, Cora, and I shall surely be rich. Already I have an engagement at a liberal salary——"

"Oh, don't be serious the first thing," said Cora, who wasn't in the least bit charmed by that word "salary," which betokened no sudden access to riches. "Put off this subject until——"

"No, Cora, I must know my fate," said Jack, trying to infuse a little of the tragic into his tone.

"Why, you know, Jack," she said, petulantly, "that we can't marry on a salary. If you had succeeded out there you were to have a nice block of stock which might have put a different face on the matter."

"Then you will not marry me?"

"How can I, Jack? Do be reasonable. Now don't let's talk of it any more. You'll come to dinner to-night, won't you?"

"And everything is off between us?"

"If you will put it that way, Jack, yes. But you know there never was really anything between us. Now promise you'll come to dinner to-night. I want to hear some of those Western stories you've brought home."

"All right," said Jack, with far more cheerfulness than he cared to show. "I'll come and tell how fifty millions, more or less, slipped through the fingers of the syndicate."

(Continued next week)

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The Last Door

(Continued from page 4)

the car with one hand and brought up a flashlight which he turned on her face. It was flushed with the cold and her dark eyes were glowing with excitement. They laughed, too, those eyes, as if at some exquisite bit of humor which they alone knew.

"See here, who are you?" he demanded. And at that her face fell into sober lines again and a fringe of lashes, long and curling, hid her eyes.

"Convict Number nine-one-five-two. I had forgotten for a moment," she said. And after that, though he spoke to her from time to time encouragingly, she answered only in monosyllables.

It was not long after midnight when they came up to a tall apartment building in the Seventies. The girl asked no questions as the elevator shot them up to the top floor. The man opened the door with a latch key and pressed a button which brought a man-servant, blinking, but fully dressed, on the scene.

"Send Jim to take the car in front and lose it somewhere. And call Lizzie and tell her to get a room ready for this young lady who will stay for a few days, under your care. And set out a bite of supper for us, we have had a long drive. I shall be leaving again in an hour."

The girl's eyes were wandering around the room, curiously. It was a surprising room to find in an apartment in the upper Seventies, occupied by a famous explorer. One would have expected curios and souvenirs of wild journeyings—skins of bears and tigers, maybe, antlers, dirks, such trophies as the returning adventurer brings. But instead the rugs reflected all the sheen and the color of the Orient. Here was a bit of jade, there a square of canvas sprang out of a shaded corner, filling it with life. Books in hand-tooled bindings, a carven image, a jewelled lamp—the room of a connoisseur of beauty.

"I'm sorry to have to leave you," he said, as the servant withdrew, "but I have an important engagement. And you will be perfectly safe here. When I return we can decide about the future."

"You're going back to the house party?" she asked, and at his nod she hesitated and colored deliciously.

"I'm fearfully ashamed to tell you," she said, "but I must. I carried a joke too far, but somehow I was enjoying it so—and I didn't know when to stop. I have put you to trouble and even danger, and I am sorry. Mr. Carroll, I am Helen Rogers!"

"You are WHO?" Face and voice were unbelieving, appalled.

"Helen Rogers. Daughter of your hostess. I got home just as they were all starting off. They told me you refused to go. Freddy Tripp said you were a coward. They repeated what you said about letting a prisoner go if you found her. And we decided to play a game on you. And then when you were so game, and suggested skating down the river, I thought it would be fun, and it WAS fun! But then I went through the ice, and when I came to in that farm house I didn't know what to do, so I—I just kept coming!"

Surprise, indignation, resentment, struggled in the man's expression and were replaced by amusement. Laughing, he held out his hand. "No wonder I felt that you were different!" he declared. "Well, we can get a train——"

A door slammed sharply above. There were flying footsteps on the stairs, and a man burst into the room, followed by the man-servant, on whose face was a look of rage and dismay. Helen Rogers did not see the servant, however, she was staring at the intruder, who bore a most striking resemblance to her host.

"So, you scoundrel, you are back!" thundered the newcomer. "And what have you gained by your trick, and when do I get my release? I suppose this young person is an accomplice."

"Softly, softly, my dear sir," smiled the host. "This young lady is Miss Helen Rogers, daughter of my esteemed hostess. And Miss Rogers, since we are ALL springing surprises, let me present to you this gentleman, the REAL Somerset Carroll. And now, Mr. Carroll, you really MUST return to your room. I think my men will hardly let you break out again," with a meaning look at two servants who were hovering anxiously in the background now. "Please go quietly—there is a lady present, you know."

"You'll pay for this, you damned Butterfly!" stormed the man, but he went, leaving Helen to stare at her host with eyes which held wonderment and perplexity, but never a trace of fear.

"What does it mean?" she asked. "Who is he?"

"He is Somerset Carroll, the famous explorer."

"And this house?" she faltered.

"Is my house, where he is making an enforced stay, and where I shall now, unfortunately, be obliged to leave you until I have finished my little mission at your home."

And suddenly the girl's eyes widened and darkened, and yet in their bright depths there was still no fear. Only anger and rebuke and a piercing scorn were in her voice as she spoke.

"Oh!" she breathed, "he called you butterfly! You are THE Butterfly—the thief! Just a low, common thief!"

She dropped into a chair and began to cry, her face buried in the silken cushions. And the man looking down at her knew that she was sobbing, not from fear nor from anger, but from disappointment and disillusionment and shattered faith. He took an impulsive step toward her, paused, folded his arms tightly, turned on his heel and walked to the door again, pressing a bell.

"I am leaving now, and you will see that this young lady has every care and attention," he directed the servant who answered. "I shall hold you responsible for whatever happens to her, until I return."

(Continued next week)

TYPICAL THEATRE PESTS

The young lunatic in the gallery whose favorite indoor sport is target practice with peanuts and popcorn at the bald heads in the orchestra seats below.

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Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond- in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

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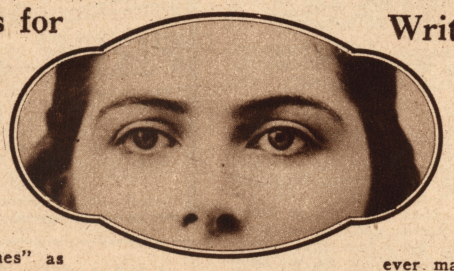
Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my Fairyfoot treatment Free. I don't care how many so-called cures, shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send it to you absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and Fairyfoot will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

Foot Remedy Co., 2207 Millard Ave., Dept. 168 Chicago.

Are Your Eyes Weak?

Then Read These Letters!!

Wore Eye Glasses for Sixteen Years, Discards Them Entirely



I had decided for some time to write you a few words of praise for your wonderful Eye Course, but thought that I would wait until I entirely stopped wearing "Eye Crutches" as you call them.

I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age, and did not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four years old, and with just a little effort in practicing the exercises each day, have at last been enabled to discontinue wearing glasses entirely. It just took two months of your treatment to cure my eyes.

I wish to thank you, and say that I cannot express myself in words for my great appreciation.

With best wishes for your continued good work, I am,

Very truly yours,
MRS. D. G. LEWIS,
Shreveport, La.

Writes This Letter Without Glasses After Only a Week's Trial

Enclosed you will please find money order in payment of course in "Eye Strengthening." I am convinced that this money is the best investment I have ever made. I received your course last Saturday, and followed the advice in putting aside my spectacles. Last Sunday gave me a good opportunity to begin the exercises, and when you consider that I have been wearing spectacles for twenty years, that was to my mind an achievement. Always having been instructed to wear my glasses, being in danger of losing my sight, I am writing this letter without specs, and although I cannot see very plainly, by writing large I am able to read it all right.

Yours truly,
WM. G. NERN,
1155 19th Street,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Course Is Worth More Than Gold to Her

The Course, "Strengthening the Eyes" at hand, and I am sending money order for which I will keep the Course. It is worth more than gold.

Yours for health,
GRACE GUYER,
3116 E. 7th Street,
Long Beach, Cal.

His Sight Is Better Than It Has Been in Years

It may be interesting to you to hear that I have been able to discard my glasses and my sight is better than it has been in years. I would like to know how long the various strengthening exercises should be kept up. The glasses I discarded were for astigmatism, and were right eye 1-25, 30 and left eye 1-25, 120.

Again thanking you for sending me the books on "Eye Training," I remain,

Very truly yours,
R. D. ROBERTSON,
1100 Evergreen Ave.,
Plainfield, N. J.

Vision Improved One Hundred Per Cent in Two Month's Time

I have been following the precepts of your book for two months and my vision has improved 100 per cent.

When I started at ten feet I could barely see the largest letter. Now I can see the second size letter which is one-half the size.

Yours truly,
L. MEHLER,
Waynesboro, Va.

Would Recommend Our Eye Strengthening Course to Anyone Who Wears Glasses

I am getting along with the Eye-training Course. Must say, have had good results and would recommend it to any one who wears glasses.

Yours truly,
WM. S. GRINDELL,
1515 Myrtle Street,
Scranton, Pa.

Our files are filled with just such letters of grateful appreciation as those we publish here.

"STRENGTHENING THE EYES"

is a complete course in Eye Health Building. Prepared by Bernarr Macfadden in collaboration with one of the world's leading eye specialists. The lessons are simple. They are practical. And best of all. they produce beneficial results almost immediately. As evidence of this fact we call your special attention to Mr. Nern's letter, published above. Mr. Nern was able to discard his spectacles after only one week's use of the course.

Facts About the Eyes

The eyes are controlled by nerves and muscles, just the same as other parts of your body. You know that your arms or your legs or your hands or neck or back can be strengthened by exercise. If that were not so, half the people in the world would be going around on crutches. Well, why put crutches (that's just what glasses are) on your eyes when they grow weak? Why not try exercise?

Hundreds of people have been able to discard their glasses as a result of sending for Mr. Macfadden's Course in Scientific Eye Training. It is probable you can do the same. Why not try?

FREE TRIAL COUPON

PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION,
Dept. M-6-25, 119 West 40th St., New York City

Entirely at your risk you may send me your course of Eye Exercises, charges prepaid. I will pay the postman $5.00 upon receipt, which amount is to be accepted by you in full payment.

It is understood if after trying the course for five days I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my $5.00 upon return of the course.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

We Take the Risk

We would like to have every reader of "Movie Weekly" who is afflicted with poor eye-sight try Mr. Macfadden's Eye Training methods. For this reason we have arranged a plan whereby you can have the course sent to you on approval with the privilege of practicing the exercises for five days before deciding whether or not to keep it.

The price of the course has been purposely made very low so as to be within the reach of every person —only $5.00 postpaid.

If your eyes are weak can you afford to ignore this offer and all that it may mean to you?

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON.

You May Be a Poet and Do Not Know It

The public is invited to contribute to this column

$1 for each poem accepted and printed

(Rejected poems will not be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes).

A WITCHING HOUR

Would you know of thought the power?
Then go to see the Witching Hour.
Augustus Thomas wrote the play
The best I've seen in many a day.

Food for reflection, too is there
That we should think our thoughts with care,
How terrible if we should will
The other man to shoot and kill.

And then upon the other hand
How nice if we would understand
That thoughts if pure and high and good
React in blessings as they should.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS"

Hiawatha—Hiawatha
Begs your leave to ask a question
Begs a frank and truthful answer.
For he suffers mental anguish
For the dear? departed Hurons
Now located at this address:
"Happy Hunting Grounds of Heaven"
Who are with him in this query:

"Who the dickens ever tempted
Our own blessed Wallace Beery
To portray a Huron Indian? ! ! !

With that paint upon his features
And that smirk and leer and swagger
He was strangely reminiscent
Of the scourge we call the gangsters"
South of Market—San Francisco—
(Californians remember—
And remarked the strange resemblance—
For they hung a precious trio,
On a tree in Santa Rosa).

If they ever play that picture
At an Indian reservation
I'm afraid not even Uncas
Or the wise and gentle Hawk-eye
Could restrain the fixed convictions
Of the present generation
That it needs some doing over
Needs a thorough reconstruction
On the character of Indians.

W. B. has been so *splendid*
As a dusty desert Arab
In so many thrilling pictures—
And we never fail to see him—
What a falling off for Wallace.
A good alibi is needed—
Whose conception of an Indian
Of a *calm* and *stolid* redskin
Was that dreadful piece of libel?

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

MICHIGAN CENSORSHIP

In the town of But-insville
Some wise reformers dwell;
They said, "We'll introduce a bill,
And stop these movies sure as—well
At least we'll get a steady job;
We'll rip and slash and cut out scenes.
We like to hear the audience sob;
We'll change these fans' smiles into screams.

But alas, alack, for the poor but-ins
And their pet brain-child, picture censorship!
The Bible says, "Thou shalt not sin";
There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip!
Forty thousand Wolverines,
The American Legion, a Bishop, too,
They up and spilled the censors' beans;
The bill is dead, boo-hoo, boo-hoo.

Ruth Roland's Beauty Hints

CARE OF THE HAIR

As Pope has it:

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

IT does seem too bad that healthy, abundant and beautiful hair should be so rarely seen. I fear most of the trouble comes from so little knowledge of the scalp and its covering, "woman's crowning glory," for, after all, there is nothing more lovely than exquisitely cared for hair, no matter what its shade.

I do not deem it advisable to shampoo the hair oftener than twice weekly—however, each individual must be their own guide in this, as some scalps contain far more oil than others. Some scalps are too dry and require additional nourishment. For this purpose, there is nothing better than pure vaseline, well heated and thoroughly massaged into the scalp. It goes without saying that soft water (real rain water if possible), is best and that an occasional egg shampoo is good for the scalp and hair.

Only the purest soaps should be used and they must be thoroughly melted before application. One secret of a really good shampoo is in the rinsing. After the scalp and hair are really clean, they should be rinsed and re-rinsed until not the tiniest particle of suds remains.

The ends of the hair should always be clipped. I have never permitted my hair to be singed.

Both massage with the finger tips until the blood is brought to the surface and the scalp glows and tingles, as well as electrical massage is good for hair health, and the regular brushing—at least 150 strokes with a good bristle brush every night before retiring—makes one's hair bright and shining.

I do not believe in curling the hair with irons, as it renders the hair lifeless and gives it a tendency to break off.

One should not follow the latest style in hair arrangement, if it does not suit their type of face. The shape of the face should be studied and different arrangements tried out until the most becoming one is found—then stick to that one—for any coiffure is attractive is becoming and the hair is clean and alive—curled hair may suit best the oval face while the round countenance looks prettier with the hair plain.

Never use wire brushes nor metal combs. The comb should be of hard rubber with teeth well shaped and rounded at their sides and these teeth should be uniform throughout—not a comb half coarse and half fine.

Mild, even climates are best for the growth and beauty of the hair. The hair lives about four years. The longest hair ever recorded was that of a young Indian and was ten feet in length.

Personally, I do not like bobbed hair—even though it is sometimes piquant and fascinating to certain faces, but one tires of it as they never do of long tresses.

The ancient Jewish women never clipped their glorious ebon hair, but wore it comparatively loose, and adorned their tresses with richly wrought ornaments of gold and silver set with precious jewels. The women of Egypt, on the contrary, bobbed their hair and even Cleopatra, long on beauty, was comparatively short on hair. Among the Romans, length of hair was not so much prized as was a peculiar or striking color.

I do not like the use of false hair, but when from some reason it is necessary, its use should be in extreme moderation, as it overheats the scalp and injures the natural growth.

Dyeing or bleaching the hair is in bad taste and never to be recommended. A little lemon in the rinsing water will brighten light hair, and for the snowy white hair, a bit of blueing is excellent.

The condition of the hair is a god barometer of one's physical well-being. When we are nervous or in ill health, the hair lacks lustre and falls out rapidly, so it is important, if one wishes beautiful hair (and who does not?) that they carefully watch their health as well as the care and condition of the hair and scalp.

After shampooing, it is advisable to dry the hair in the sun and air and occasionally when out in the open go bareheaded for a while and the hair and scalp like grateful plants—will be all the better for the open and moisture.

My own hair is dark auburn, but, as I said before, no matter what the color—any hair may be made attractive and a real beauty asset by care and a proper management.

(Next week—"Care of the Teeth")

Faults in Films $1 Prize Contest

When Juanita Hansen played in the serial "The Lost City, in the first episode she took the part of a colored girl. Her dress was ragged and torn, and when a piece near her neck flapped open in the back, it revealed pure white skin, which was a decided contrast to the black just above.

MISS MILDRED THOMAS,
916 Crescent Street,
Brockton, Mass.

In the "Queen of Sheba," while the Queen is lying on the rocks dressed in ancient costume, we see in the distance the tower of a wireless service station. Did they have wireless telegraphy then?

MISS RUTH KRAUSKOPF,
2067 Vyse Avenue,
New York City.

In "Lying Lips," Florence Vidor and House Peters are the only survivors of the "Vesta" which struck a floating mine. However, after swimming for some minutes House Peters dragged Miss Vidor to safety on part of the ship which kept afloat. They seemed drenched, and Miss Vidor's hair is matted to her head from the water, but House Peters finds a perfectly dry match in his pocket and lights a gas-jet, which he finds without much trouble, and tells Miss Vidor he will get her something warm to drink, before he realizes what part of the ship has been saved, it also being night. He returns with a cup of something steaming hot, and Miss Vidor is sitting on a stool with her hair gloriously crimped. Kindly tell me how she found time to do this, and where she found the convenient comb; also how House Peters should find the stove and gas jet, with the gas intact when half of the ship was sunk.

KATHERYN I. McGEE,
171 East 111th Street,
New York City.

In "The Last of the Mohicans," we see Rain-in-the-Face going up the hill to kill the last Americans. And, can you beat it, he has a vaccination on his arm as big as a dollar. Since when are Indians vaccinated and this being before the Civil War?

MISS MINNIE SCHACT,
4205 Bernard Street,
Chicago, Ill.

In "The Frontier of the Stars," played by Thomas Meighan and Faire Binney, Buck Leslie is seen mixing some powerful explosive, and one of his pals told his friend that if a match were lighted within ten feet of this it meant sure death. How is it when Buck Leslie visits Faire Binney on the roof to show her the invention and then lights a match right over the open bucket nothing happens? Lucky guy!

Miss HENRIETTA PELLETTIERI,
710 Diemonbruem Street,
Nashville, Tenn.

In "The City of Silent Men," Kearney is giving orders to one of the detectives to meet Hawkins, the pardoned convict, at the Grand Central Station at 1:10 P. M. In the next scene, the Grand Central Terminal is shown and the clock in the upper story is 11:35 A. M. Did the detective wait around for an hour and thirty-five minutes, or are the New York Central trains running ahead of schedule?

MISS HELEN MINDERMANN,
289 Himrod Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

In "Mama's Affair," at the opening of the picture is seen Adam and Eve. Adam is chopping a log with a hatchet which is up-to-date. What hardware store did he buy it in?

FRED ROESCH, JR.,
502 First Street,
Hoboken, N. J.

In the picture "If I Were King," William Farnum is seen drinking a toast with his comrades, and in a closeup of Mr. Farnum, behold! the mug from which he is supposed to be drinking has no bottom and you can see through the mug to where his lips are resting on the edge. The wine must have tasted fine.

MISS MARIAN CLAIR FINLEY,
1422 North 61st Street,
West Philadelphia, Pa.

In "The Little Fool," the wife says that her husband has locked himself in his room. After awhile the husband walks to the door and opens it without turning the key.

GUYMAN CATO,
Box 491,
Vernon, Texas.

In "The Oath," I notice it is summertime. Yet the morning after Meriam Cooper's father is murdered, Conway Tearle returns to his apartments wearing an overcoat and a straw hat. He also immediately steps over to the fireplace and pokes the fire.

MISS EDITH ELLIS,
107 South 21st Street,
Birmingham, Ala.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Send me your poems immediately. I have absolutely the very best proposition to offer you. Write in to-day and be convinced.

RAY HIBBELER, D160
4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.

TYPICAL THEATRE PESTS

The bird with the wild man hair-cut and the super-military shoulders, who looms up like the Rock of Gibraltar in the seat just in front of you.

* * *

The hick who, with all the hundreds of square feet of floor space in the theatre in which to park his feet, ponderously deposits a No. 10 on your pet corn.

* * *

The plump and awkward sap, who stumbles in his haste to clamber over you and lands forcibly and very solidly in your lap.

* * *

The small-town wit, who doesn't allow a single caption to escape without inspiring him to some scintillating and very audible wittiçism.

* * *

The haughty damsel in the box-office, who dispenses tickets and information with much the contemptuous disdain of a queen granting a favor to a particularly lowly swineherd.

* * *

The under-sized shrimp who wilts down in his seat so thoroughly that you mistake it for an empty in the dark, and promptly sit down on him to your mutual indignation and embarrassment.

* * * * *

BETWEEN REELS

After a long and exhaustive study of their habits as shown on the screen, we confidently assert that all feminine movie stars invariably sleep on their backs, preserve a perfect coiffure at all times, and always have one arm thrown gracefully outside the covers.

* * *

After seeing some of the late efforts on the silver-sheet, we are inclined to agree with those schools for photoplaywrights, which confidently assert that anyone can write photoplays, regardless of their age, ability, or previous condition of employment. We'll even go a step further; they not only can, but they apparently are.

* * *

We never really appreciated the merits of our fountain pen until after we noted the scribe in "Deception," who strolled around with a two-foot quill pen in his hand and a small jug of ink suspended from a cord around his neck. Whatever else its many faults may be, our Parkerman is a slight improvement on that, at any rate.

* * *

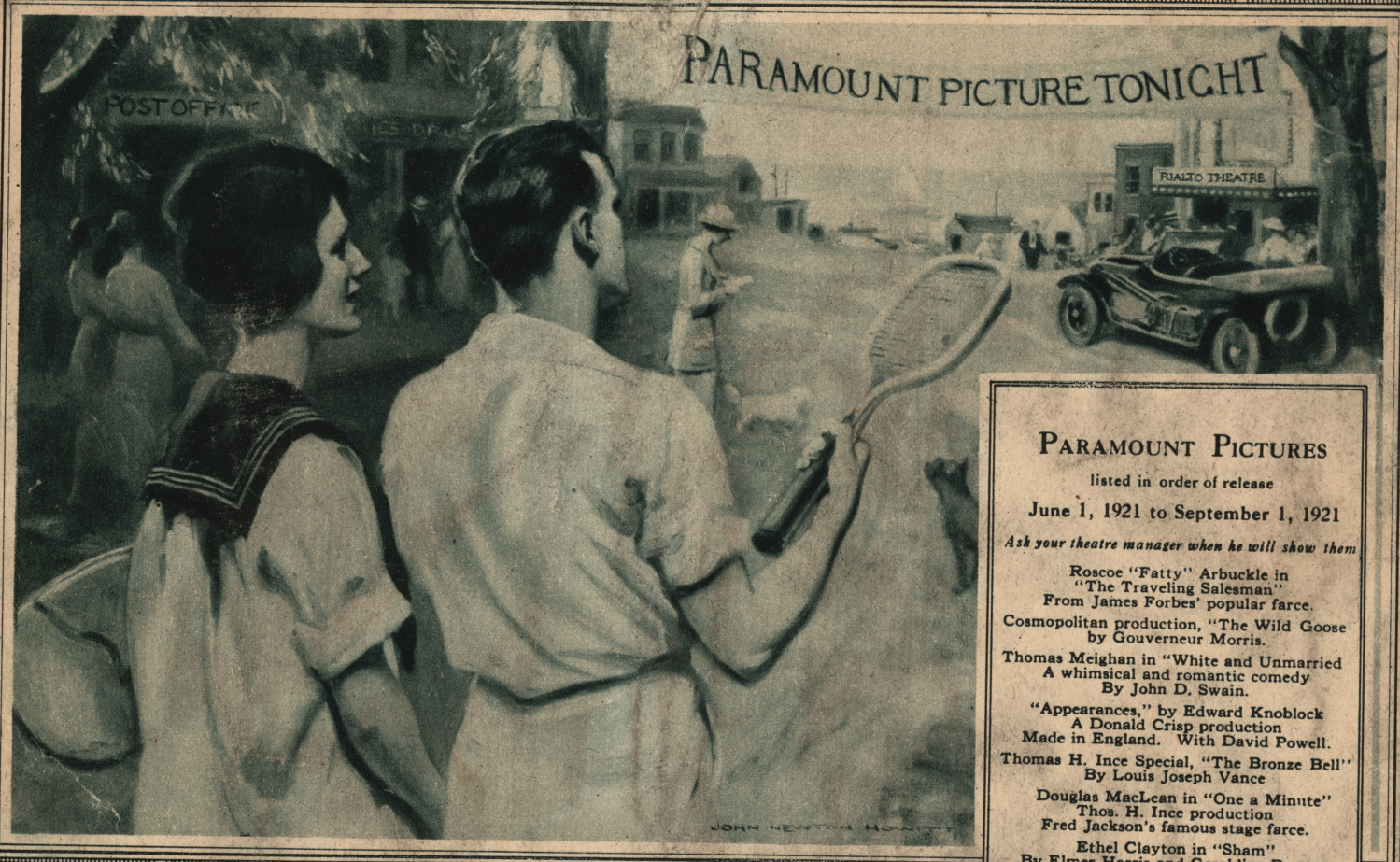
We have recently seen so many photoplays start out promisingly, only to degenerate into a Chinese hodge-podge, that when we hear the orchestra suddenly break into Chinatown music now, we experience about the same awful, sinking sensation one feels when a vaudeville act opens with a grand piano being rolled to the edge of the stage.

* * *

"Deception," the imported picturization of Anne Boleyn's little romance, is said to have a cast of seven thousand people. "Broken Blossoms," D. W. Griffith's masterpiece, had a total cast of three. And we can't for the life of us see where the 6,697 extra players have made the imported film the superior, or even the equal, of the Limehouse classic.

* * *

After having people walk rough-shod all over us in getting in to their seats, having our own shins kicked as we go in to our seat, and having heavy-footed gentry trod all over our feet in the rush for the exits, we are inclined to believe that the Japanese have the right idea. In Nippon, movie audiences are required to check their shoes at the door before entering the theatre.



And so the day ends perfectly—

A GOOD vacation means above all else *change of scene*. The city-dweller longs for the country or shore.

The country-dwellers seek the excitement of metropolitan life.

Whichever class you are in you will find that Paramount has anticipated your motion picture wants.

In the country you will find that the fame of Paramount has penetrated to your resort, whether it be in a theatre that seats three hundred or three thousand. You can see the same fine Paramount Pictures there that you were accustomed to in town.

The visitors to the cities will discover any number of Paramount Pictures to choose from.

Take train anywhere: take steamer or aeroplane, and you will inevitably arrive at one of the theatres on the Paramount circuit of enchantment.

Whether it is a million-dollar palace of the screen in the big city, or a tiny hall in a backwoods hamlet, you will find that it is always the best and most prosperous theatre in the community that is exhibiting Paramount Pictures.

They both show the same pictures! Paramount Pictures.

The resort that has Paramount Pictures is in the swim—a Broadway show in the heart of the country!

Paramount has achieved this national recognition by steadily delivering great entertainment,

—entertainment conceived and interpretec by the foremost actors, dramatists, directors, writers, impresarios and technicians,

—photoplays made with the idea that each one had to beat the last,

—motion pictures so good that in the United States alone more than 11,200 theatres, not counting summer theatres, depend on them as the chief source of supply.

Whether you see Paramount Pictures in a metropolitan theatre or in a summer theatre that vanishes with the first frosts, you are equally sure of fine entertainment.

When you see that phrase, "It's a Paramount Picture," park your car, motor-boat or canoe and *go in*,

—because if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in vacation-land!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

June 1, 1921 to September 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"
From James Forbes' popular farce.

Cosmopolitan production, "The Wild Goose
by Gouverneur Morris.

Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried
A whimsical and romantic comedy
By John D. Swain.

"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production
Made in England. With David Powell.

Thomas H. Ince Special, "The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.

Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.

George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest.

Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novelty, by Byron Morgan.

"The Mystery Road"
A British production with David Powell, from
E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
A Paul Powell Production.

William A. Brady's production, "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan.

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
an adaptation of the famous novel by
E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes."

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the author of
"Three Weeks."

William de Mille's "The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock.

William S. Hart in "The Whistle"
A Hart production
A Western story with an unforgettable punch.

"The Princess of New York"
A British production from the novel by
Cosmo Hamilton.

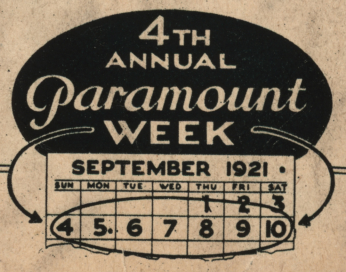
Douglas MacLean in "Passing Thru"
By Agnes Christine Johnston
Thos. H. Ince production.

Thomas Meighan in
"The Conquest of Canaan"
By Booth Tarkington.

Ethel Clayton in "Wealth"
By Cosmo Hamilton
A story of New York's artistic Bohemia.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in "Crazy to Marry"
By Frank Condon
From the hilarious
Saturday Evening Post story.

Coming



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ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK

Mary Pickford

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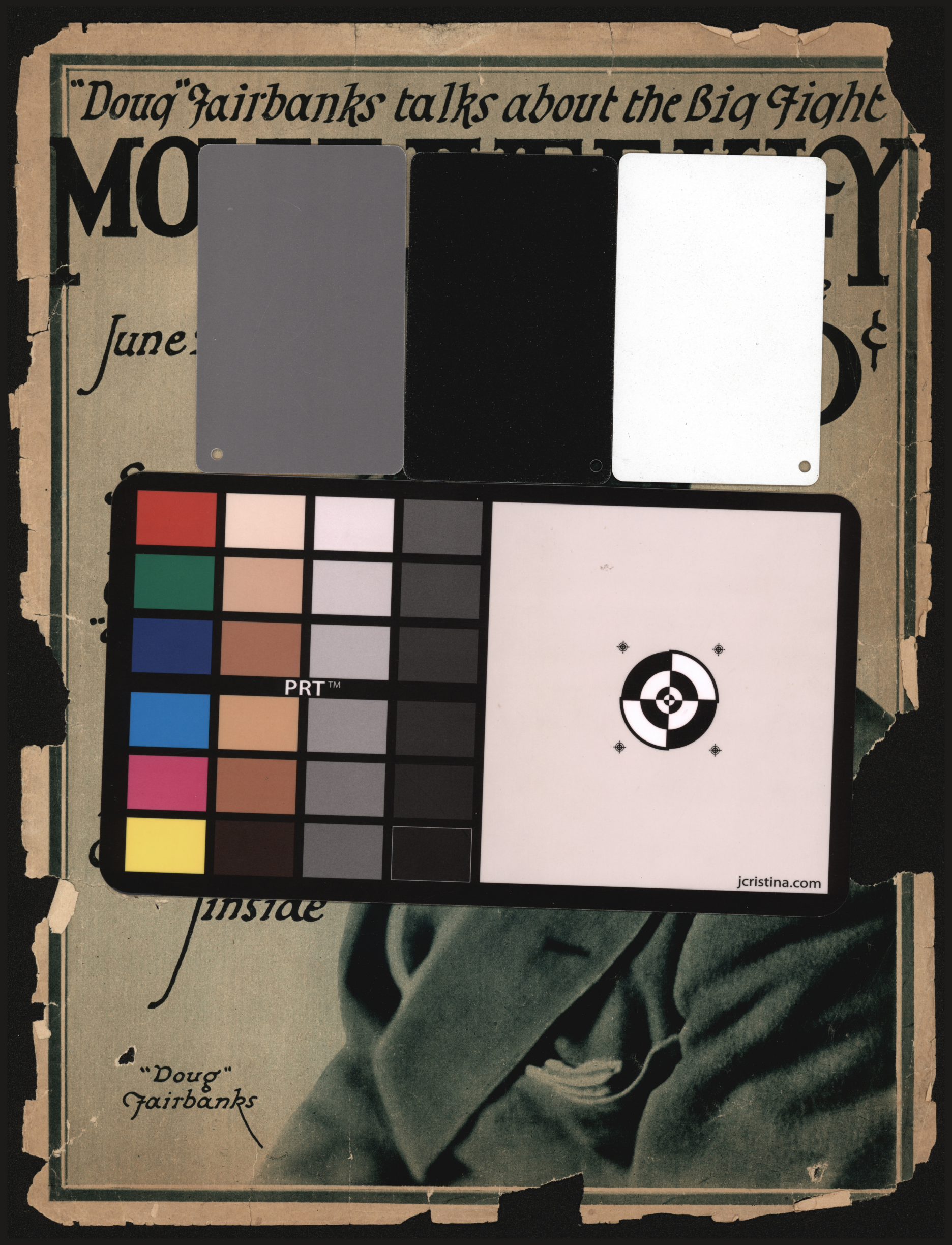
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